

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1848.

VIEW ON THE GREAT MIAMI.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Our engraving this month we consider equal, not simply to any that have previously appeared in our periodical, but equal to any that have graced the pages of any other periodical, eastern or western. This is saying a great deal, it is true, and savors somewhat of presumption; yet we believe we are speaking that which all, who can appreciate true beauty, will accord to be the truth. The view is on the Great Miami, from the residence of Captain Doyle, and lies two miles and a half south of Dayton, Ohio. On the left side of the picture and the river, are the remains of an Indian fortification, but which the reader will find some difficulty in observing, in consequence of the superabundant growth of shrubbery and trees.

In the foreground are various plants and flowers, and immediately in advance of these will be observed two cows, one standing, the other reposing. They appear to be taking matters very quietly; and from the air of perfect satisfaction with which they look upon the river, it would seem that they were susceptible of high emotions of taste. Albeit, if it be summer time, and hot sunshine, we should be strongly inclined to pronounce them foolish for not availing themselves of the shade of those trees on the right hand. The site is equally commanding with the one they now occupy. Possibly, however, it is the time of spring, and they are testing the excellence of fresh winds and the velvet of new-sprung grass. If so, they are doing as well as a philosopher could wish them.

There is something of deep serenity in the waters of the stream as it wends its way along. Such serenity we love. We love to look upon the river when not a ripple or a wave is seen. Some love the ocean when lashed with storms—some like the dashings of the cataract, leaping and thundering over rocks and precipices, and up-tearing every thing in its onward course. Not so with us. Our nature is different. We love something calm, deep, serene—something that, while it inspires profound feeling, makes us better in mind and heart. "What a sublime image of the creation," exclaimed a great

naturalist in his first glimpse of the Pacific ocean, "does it present! How wide, how deep, how still, how boundless, how sublime! I have no words by which to paint my feelings. I can only think of the friends who are absent. I can form but the wish to draw them all into one circle, and to dwell with them here for ever."

In the background the hills and woods seem almost to touch the sky. To these, too, we confess a great partiality. We consider woods indispensable appendages to landscapes, diffusing an equal delight by their coolness, their solemnity, and the charm which they spread around us as we wander beneath their arched and venerable shades. The great Roman naturalist, Pliny, tells us that Minerva and Diana dwelt amid forests; and that fine English poet, Mark Akenside, alludes, with great effect, to the religious feelings with which woods, boldly stretching up the summit of a high mountain, inspire the beholder:

"Mark the sable woods,
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow:
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
The elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye."

The ancient poets speak in high terms of all kinds of trees, the oak in particular, which they feigned to be a patriarch and sage.

The use which they have made of trees, by way of illustration, is moral and important. Homer compares the falling of the leaves to the death of men and families. Illustrations occur frequently, also, in the sacred Scriptures. "I am exalted like a cedar in Libanus," says the author of Ecclesiastes, "and as a cypress tree upon the mountain of Hermon." How striking the following passage from Ossian: "I am as a tree that is withered—whose branches are blasted and bare. No green leaf covers its boughs; from its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring; the breeze whistles in its gray moss; the blast shakes its head of age; the storm will soon overturn it, and strew all its dry branches with thee, O Dermid! and with all the rest of the mighty dead, in the green winding vale of Cona."

IMPRESSIONS OF NIAGARA FALLS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I WAS permitted to fulfill a long-cherished purpose, to visit this celebrated spot, early in the last autumn. From the reports of visitors who had preceded me, I discovered that the impressions brought away were generally correspondent with the state of mind and length of time in which their visits had been made. I went not as many who turn aside for an hour in a flying journey, nor as those who, with heads full of fashion or business, dash in and take a hasty glance, and leave as hurriedly as they came. I traveled hundreds of miles to study with a prayerful heart a great work of God. I was not disappointed. My impressions were strong and indelible. How well I may convey a portion of them to the minds of my readers I cannot tell.

On a bright morning in September, I embarked at Buffalo, on the little steamer *Emerald*, for Chippewa, in Canada. We glided immediately and rapidly from Lake Erie, through the deep and powerful current of the Niagara river, passing, in our progress, several points of notoriety in the frontier history of our country. It was with a strange interest that I saw, for the first time, the British flag waving over me, and stood in the dominions of a government different from my own.

The transfer from the steamer to a rail-car, at Chippewa, was quite speedy; and in a few minutes I received assurance that the end of my journey was at hand. Slight clouds of mist ascended in the atmosphere, the roar of the cataract broke on the ear, and the flashing waters of the rapids danced before the eye. The impression had been fastened on my youthful mind that the first view would be one of wild, stormy, overwhelming sublimity; but my disappointment was most agreeable, when a scene of superlatively magnificent beauty burst upon my vision.

The American Fall, one hundred and sixty-four feet in height, and a little more than one-sixth of a mile in width, if found in any country by itself, would be an object of surpassing interest; but its glories are here overshadowed by the Crescent or Horseshoe Fall, on the Canada shore. The form of the latter is irregular, and somewhat resembles the article from which it borrows its name. Its height is one hundred and fifty-eight feet, its width at the opening one-third of a mile, and its circumference two-thirds. Goat, or, as it is now more classically called, Iris Island, intervenes between the two falls, with a bold, perpendicular, rocky front, of half a mile in width. The Crescent Fall is immediately in the course of the river, while the Island and American Fall present themselves on the eastern side. Various estimates have been made as to the amount of water daily passing the Falls; but when

it is recollected that the Niagara river is the only outlet of our great inland seas, according to every calculation, it must be immense. The characteristic of the American Fall is gracefulness and beauty—that of the Crescent, matchless beauty combined with unrivaled sublimity. The various points of observation present very different views, which have peculiar attractions, according to the taste of each individual. My finest view of the American Fall was from the Island, just at the verge of the descending flood; and I enjoyed the Crescent most from the edge of the water on the Canada shore. A fuller view of the latter is had, perhaps, from the overhanging tower on the Island; but it is too overwhelming to be enjoyed, or even endured very long. For two or three hundred yards on either side of the Crescent, where the water is shallow, it descends in sheets of unspotted whiteness; in the centre, where it is fifteen or twenty feet deep, it presented the appearance of a rich under-dress of white gracefully covered with a delicate emerald gauze. Immediately at the foot of the Fall the foam spread itself out like a floor of alabaster, while wreaths of rain-bows in the ascending mist seemed intertwined with each other.

But all efforts at description are cold, tame, and powerless; the beauty is too transcendent, the sublimity too oppressive. I cannot better convey some of the impressions of the scene than by here enshrining a poetic gem of Lord Morpeth, written on the spot, during our recent border troubles with Great Britain:

"There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall;
The thunder-riven cloud—the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes—
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The tread of armies thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer in its softest hour,
The unresisted sweep of Roman power,
Britannia's trident o'er the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty;
O, may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep;
And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace."

But the moral impressions of the Falls are those most desirable to be retained. How irresistibly do they proclaim the vanity and weakness of man! In ages past, the philosopher and the savage, the lord and the peasant, the exquisite city belle and the rustic cottage maid, have gazed upon them, and passed away; but Niagara heeded not their adventitious distinctions when they stood before it, and continues to unvail its living glories now that they are dead. Twelve times, since the Anglo-Saxon race have wandered here, have the shout of battle and the thunder of artillery mingled with the roar of the waters—the

pealing notes of victory have died upon the breeze, victor and vanquished have ceased all mortal conflicts; but the mighty cataract still rolls on.

Niagara speaks of beauty. I expect to behold no such enrapturing exhibition of natural loveliness again, till I shall see the paradise above, with its trees of ever-brightening foliage, its flowers of fadeless hues, and the perennial waters of its crystal river. Niagara also speaks of the mighty power of God. Here is a wondrous temple of natural religion—lighted by the glorious sun, seated with the everlasting rocks, garnished with rainbow beauty, and sending up its deep, constant anthem—the sound of “mighty thunderings and many waters.” But natural religion, even in its clearest, strongest revelation, is impotent to reform, elevate, and bless mankind. In the precincts of this great temple in former times, for centuries, the barbarian dwelt in his degradation, celebrated his Pagan rites, and then died in unbroken gloom. And at the present day, on this spot, which should be consecrated to God, and visited with reverence, fashion enacts the toilsome, expensive, fruitless round of her fooleries, blasphemy utters its Heaven-daring imprecations, and vice spreads all her nets for the unwary.

Nature, even in her choicest exhibitions, is not only powerless to reform; she cannot sympathize with our sorrows, irradiate our darkness, or alleviate our woes. Heedless of the moral necessities of her children, she assiduously works out her unvarying processes, and smiles with equal brightness on the bridal and the burial, on the ecstasies of joy or the deep anguish of our souls. My mind was open to this varied and most impressive expression of her beauties and glories. But I felt that, like all my race, I was a sinner; and I knew I had been a sufferer. Niagara uttered no voice of pardon, blessed me with no smile of mercy and no gentle whisper of consolation. And while I could stand in that temple, and adore, my soul longed for a revelation of God more fitting my necessities. This I found, when, in sight of the rushing waters, with their ceaseless roar, I opened my New Testament, and, beholding *God's last grand manifestation of himself*, read from the fifth and eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, the truth of the atonement, with the assurance that, “where sin reigned unto death, grace should reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ,” and that nothing in earth, or heaven, or hell, should ever prevail “to separate us from the love of God.” “*Beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ*,” I looked again at Niagara, and each smile of beauty was radiant with higher attractions, and each thunder-tone seemed to say,

“This awful God is *ours*,
Our Father and our love.”

Had I cherished no hope in Christ, each glance of the cataract would have sent a bolt of terror to my soul; and it seems to me that no ungodly neglecter

of the great salvation has any right to carry with him from that spot any other moral impression than that embodied in the startling declaration of eternal truth, “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

I love to think of God as the author both of nature and revelation. The “Head of the Church” is “Head over all things.” The evening before I left Niagara I was sitting alone and in quietude over the mighty movements of the Crescent Fall. My soul was filled with feelings appropriate to the place, and then the impression came, this stupendous exhibition is but a glimpse of God; and recurring again to the Scriptures, I read in Peter, how, “by the word of God, the *world*, being overflowed with water perished,” and how “the *heavens and earth*, are kept by the same word, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men;” and then I felt, with a power unknown before, the force of the declaration of the patriarch of Idumea,

“Lo, these are parts of His ways,
But the thunder of his power who can understand?”

KLOPSTOCK, THE GERMAN POET.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

No name, in modern literature, is circled with a purer halo than the awkward one of Klopstock, the German poet. He united in himself the genius of Milton, with the simplicity of childhood, the affectionateness of woman, and the piety of a saint. Like most Germans of genius, his great original powers did not dispose him (as in the case of many eminent names of our own literature) to claim exemption from the hardest labors of the student. He was profoundly learned, even in the driest of sciences—philology; and from boyhood till a veteran of eighty, never relaxed his application to books.

He was born at Quedlinburg, July 2, 1724. His childhood was spent under the instructions of private tutors and the gymnasium. In his sixteenth year, he entered college, and soon mastered the classic authors with a success described to be “perfect.” Virgil, especially, became his favorite, and the model of his youthful attempts on poetical composition.

It was at this early period that he conceived, with the usual boldness of true genius, the high ambition of furnishing his language with a native epic. Germany had not hitherto produced such a work. He panted with the hope of being for ever acknowledged her first epic bard. His enthusiasm for Homer and Virgil, his daily companions, kindled with increased ardor this noble ambition. If any thing further was necessary to determine his purpose, it was the reading of a Frenchman's attack on German mind, charging it with incapacity for poetry—a charge as

applicable to the Gallic mind itself as to any in Europe.

There is a sort of mixed and unconscious self-confidence and simplicity about true genius, that often seems more akin to imbecility itself than to superior mind. Genius sees not usually the magnitude of the difficulty, but the magnitude of the glory of its purposes. Without calculating processes, (which appear like matters of instinct or intuition to it,) it strikes forward at the result, and from its very courage derives a strength without which it must have failed. The design of Klopstock would have hardly been conceived at a more considerate age. But now in his boyhood it glowed, a Promethean spark, within him, until it inflamed all his splendid faculties. He immediately set himself to search for a fitting theme; and after choosing and rejecting many others, fixed upon Henry the First, the founder of the freedom of his native city, and conqueror of the Huns.

A profound element was at work in the developing mind of the poet—one stronger even than his genius, and which soon imbued his whole nature. It was religion. The characteristic earnestness of the German mind—the basis at once of its doubt and its piety, according to individual predispositions—was a marked trait of the whole life of Klopstock; and while the ambition of his boyhood was projecting a brilliant fame, the idea of a higher immortality dawned upon his mind—the soul, God, death, eternity, hell, heaven, became overpowering conceptions, in comparison with which, all motives of human ambition, all principles of æsthetic art or earthly knowledge became lighter than vanity. Thenceforth he was a consecrated man. He still felt the afflatus of genius upon his spirit, and was more determined than ever to signalize his country and his day by a great poem, which, as the blind old Milton hoped of his own, "the world would not willingly let die;" but God, not the hero of barbarous victories, was to be its theme. In an oration which he delivered about this time, before his college, he expresses, after an able dissertation on the condition of German poetry, his views of the character requisite to the writer of an epic poem in the following eloquent language: "If amongst our present poets, there may not be one who is destined to embellish his native country with this honor, hasten to arise, O glorious day, which shall bring such a fact to light! And thou, O sun, which shall first behold and with mild beams enlighten him, approach! May virtue and wisdom, with the celestial muse, nurse him with the tenderest care! May the whole field of nature be displayed before him, and the whole magnificence of our adorable religion! To him may even the range of future ages be no longer wrapped in impenetrable darkness; and by these instructors may he be rendered worthy of immortal fame, and of the approbation of God himself, whom, above all, let him celebrate!" These were

noble sentiments for a young man but twenty-one years of age—a time of life when students in Germany pride themselves most on their achievements over the wassail bowl, or on the audacity of their skepticism.

The change in the project of his poem was not a little owing to Milton, whom he read in Bodmer's translation. In a letter which he afterward addressed to Bodmer, he gives us the following glimpse at the early workings of his mind on the subject: "When yet a boy, reading Homer and Virgil, and enraged at the German commentators, your criticisms and Breitinger's came into my hands. Having once read, or rather devoured them, they were always at my left hand, to be continually turned over, while Homer and Virgil were at my right. How often I then wished and still wish for your proposed treatise on the sublime! But Milton, (whom, perhaps, I should too late have seen, if you had not translated him,) when accidentally he fell into my hand, blew up at once the fire which had been kindled by Homer, and raised my soul to heaven and the poetry of religion. Often did I then behold the image of an epic poet, such as you have described in your critic poem, and I looked at it as Cæsar on the bust of Alexander, in tears."

Whatever influence Milton's example had, in giving a religious direction to the genius of the young German, was owing to a prior and profound susceptibility. He had, in his childhood, become so familiar with the Scriptures, and their poetical descriptions "were," says Bodmer, "so strongly impressed upon his mind, that when the things themselves came before his eyes, he would often say they were not new to him—he had already seen them in the Psalms and the prophets. When he approached to manhood, the pathetic passages took the same strong hold on his heart as the glittering and magnificent images had before taken on his fancy. A promise that fallen man should find mercy, drew tears from his eyes; a trace of the immortality of the soul threw him into a transport of gratitude. Religion did not remain a mere speculation of the brain; it was a clear view of the greatness and glory of the Messiah; it was the pure feeling of love and grateful adoration."

The subject finally chosen for his poem was the "Messiah," a name that now ranks first in the series of great poems in the German language. After leaving college, in his twenty-first year, he spent a few months at the University of Jena. He designed to study theology here, but the elevation of his religious feelings could not accord with the cold and scholastic subtleties which then formed the theological attraction of the University. "He wanted no evidence," says one of his biographers, "to prove the truth of a religion which had taken entire possession of his heart, and he could not listen with patience to the cavils of infidels or the reasonings of

metaphysicians." Withdrawing from the dialectic contentions of the learned doctors of the University, he consecrated himself in the stillness of his studio to the great mission of his life—the epic of the "Messiah." He sketched the first three cantos, and wrote them out in prose. From the retirement of his study he would frequently go forth into the rural neighborhoods of Jena, and, wandering about in meditative walks, trace out in his mind the beautiful imagery of his poem. In one of these walks, after several trials at other metres, he resolved to adopt that of the great epics of antiquity. He immediately transformed one of his pages into hexameters, and continued the composition in this measure—the first successful experiment of that versification in the German language.

In his twenty-second year he left Jena for the University of Leipsic, carrying with him the first three books of his poem. Here he became a member of a small literary society, of which his friends, Schmidt, Cramer, Gärtner, Schlegel, Giesecke, Zachariæ, Gellert, and Ræbener, were the chief supporters. His cantos had been shown to a few of these friends, and excited so much interest, that others were intent on seeing them; and at last they were seized, by a species of violence, and read aloud in his own chamber. They were afterward published in "The Bremen Contributions," a periodical conducted by the society.

In his twenty-fourth year he left Jena, and retired into a quiet, secluded life, at Langensalze, where he had charge of the education of a friend's children. But while in this retreat, "his Messiah," says his biographer, "excited such a degree of attention as no other book had ever awakened in Germany. Friends and enemies, admirers and critics, appeared on all hands. Young preachers quoted it in the pulpit, and Christians loved to read it as a book which afforded them, amid the rage of controversy, some scope for devout feeling. By a class of divines it was condemned as a presumptuous fiction; and the partizans of the Grammarian Gottshed raised still greater clamors against the work, on account of the language; while the Swiss critics, on the other hand, extolled it to the greatest degree. Bodmer, the translator of Milton, in particular, embraced the cause of the German epic bard with enthusiastic ardor, and contributed greatly to the celebrity of the poem."

Though but three cantos of the unfinished poem were yet published, and they only in a periodical magazine, Klopstock had at once, and in his twenty-fourth year, achieved an immortal fame. He was recognized as the Milton of his country; the charge against the German mind, of incapacity for high poetic excellence, was refuted; his name was for ever to stand first in the list of great German bards; "He idealized the German character," says a critic, "as no other one has ever done—he created for the Germans a new, strong, free, and genuine poetic

language;" and an illuminated path was now opened for that series of splendid native poets who soon began to follow him—Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, &c.

Meanwhile, how did the young bard bear his success? Poetry, another German has said, is "like the pearl in the oyster—a painful disease;" and the precious formations of the genius are often abstracted out of the life-energy of the bard. He wins the perpetuity of fame; but it is not unfrequently like the preservation of the golden-winged insect, petrified in amber. Dante, Petrarch, Byron, would have been happier as lazzaroni, lounging in supreme laziness, under the sweet skies of Italy, than moving as they did amidst its desolate memories and passionate influences, with souls of fire. Klopstock was of a healthy mental constitution, though his mind was, if we may so speak, incondescent with the fire of genius and the glow of ardent sympathies. Even in hoary age his friends called him "the youth for ever." Still, at this period of his success, and young life, a profound consciousness of the emptiness of even the purest fame oppressed him; his heart clung, with conscious dependence, to the hopes of religion and the affections of friends, and longed for the sympathy of woman's love. While the first sensation produced by the disclosure of his genius was spreading through Europe, and critics were wrangling in conflicting speculations on the new sign in the heavens which had blazed out upon them with the suddenness and splendor of a comet, he continued buried in his retirement, at Langensalze, "in deep melancholy," silent and indifferent about the critical clamors around him, writing pathetic odes, and cherishing the sadness of his thoughts. His friend Cramer alludes to this period of his history when he remarks, "I could wish to know from what causes it arises, that, in many persons who are remarkable for sensibility and strong powers of imagination, precisely at that period when the body is in its greatest vigor, and the animal spirits are the most lively—when the prospect of all the delights of honor and friendship is the most fair and blooming, and when the termination of these enjoyments appears at the greatest distance—that period is, however, frequently the time of melancholy reflections, of familiarity with the grave, and habitual contemplation of death. This 'youth for ever,' whose age even now shines with all the brightness of a fine spring morning, and who, with the well-regulated disposition of a wise man, his brow never clouded with melancholy or ill humor, gathers all the flowers of joy, was formerly wrapped in the mourning attire of Young. Never did he more seriously reflect on the instability of all earthly things, or on the importance of eternity. Many times did he then dip his pencil in the darkest colors, while on the richest and most beautiful night pieces he painted—death."

But a new and brighter epoch was at hand in the young poet's life—literary success, royal patronage,

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pealing notes of victory have died upon the breeze, victor and vanquished have ceased all mortal conflicts; but the mighty cataract still rolls on.

Niagara speaks of beauty. I expect to behold no such enrapturing exhibition of natural loveliness again, till I shall see the paradise above, with its trees of ever-brightening foliage, its flowers of fadeless hues, and the perennial waters of its crystal river. Niagara also speaks of the mighty power of God. Here is a wondrous temple of natural religion—lighted by the glorious sun, seated with the everlasting rocks, garnished with rainbow beauty, and sending up its deep, constant anthem—the sound of “mighty thunderings and many waters.” But natural religion, even in its clearest, strongest revelation, is impotent to reform, elevate, and bless mankind. In the precincts of this great temple in former times, for centuries, the barbarian dwelt in his degradation, celebrated his Pagan rites, and then died in unbroken gloom. And at the present day, on this spot, which should be consecrated to God, and visited with reverence, fashion enacts the toilsome, expensive, fruitless round of her fooleries, blasphemy utters its Heaven-daring imprecations, and vice spreads all her nets for the unwary.

Nature, even in her choicest exhibitions, is not only powerless to reform; she cannot sympathize with our sorrows, irradiate our darkness, or alleviate our woes. Heedless of the moral necessities of her children, she assiduously works out her unvarying processes, and smiles with equal brightness on the bridal and the burial, on the ecstasies of joy or the deep anguish of our souls. My mind was open to this varied and most impressive expression of her beauties and glories. But I felt that, like all my race, I was a sinner; and I knew I had been a sufferer. Niagara uttered no voice of pardon, blessed me with no smile of mercy and no gentle whisper of consolation. And while I could stand in that temple, and adore, my soul longed for a revelation of God more fitting my necessities. This I found, when, in sight of the rushing waters, with their ceaseless roar, I opened my New Testament, and, beholding *God's last grand manifestation of himself*, read from the fifth and eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, the truth of the atonement, with the assurance that, “where sin reigned unto death, grace should reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ,” and that nothing in earth, or heaven, or hell, should ever prevail “to separate us from the love of God.” “*Beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ*,” I looked again at Niagara, and each smile of beauty was radiant with higher attractions, and each thunder-tone seemed to say,

“This awful God is *ours*,
Our Father and our love.”

Had I cherished no hope in Christ, each glance of the cataract would have sent a bolt of terror to my soul; and it seems to me that no ungodly neglecter

of the great salvation has any right to carry with him from that spot any other moral impression than that embodied in the startling declaration of eternal truth, “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

I love to think of God as the author both of nature and revelation. The “Head of the Church” is “Head over all things.” The evening before I left Niagara I was sitting alone and in quietude over the mighty movements of the Crescent Fall. My soul was filled with feelings appropriate to the place, and then the impression came, this stupendous exhibition is but a glimpse of God; and recurring again to the Scriptures, I read in Peter, how, “by the word of God, the *world*, being overflowed with water perished,” and how “the *heavens* and *earth*, are kept by the same word, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men;” and then I felt, with a power unknown before, the force of the declaration of the patriarch of Idumea,

“Lo, these are parts of His ways,
But the thunder of his power who can understand?”

KLOPSTOCK, THE GERMAN POET.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

No name, in modern literature, is circled with a purer halo than the awkward one of Klopstock, the German poet. He united in himself the genius of Milton, with the simplicity of childhood, the affectionateness of woman, and the piety of a saint. Like most Germans of genius, his great original powers did not dispose him (as in the case of many eminent names of our own literature) to claim exemption from the hardest labors of the student. He was profoundly learned, even in the driest of sciences—philology; and from boyhood till a veteran of eighty, never relaxed his application to books.

He was born at Quedlinburg, July 2, 1724. His childhood was spent under the instructions of private tutors and the gymnasium. In his sixteenth year, he entered college, and soon mastered the classic authors with a success described to be “perfect.” Virgil, especially, became his favorite, and the model of his youthful attempts on poetical composition.

It was at this early period that he conceived, with the usual boldness of true genius, the high ambition of furnishing his language with a native epic. Germany had not hitherto produced such a work. He panted with the hope of being for ever acknowledged her first epic bard. His enthusiasm for Homer and Virgil, his daily companions, kindled with increased ardor this noble ambition. If any thing further was necessary to determine his purpose, it was the reading of a Frenchman's attack on German mind, charging it with incapacity for poetry—a charge as

applicable to the Gallic mind itself as to any in Europe.

There is a sort of mixed and unconscious self-confidence and simplicity about true genius, that often seems more akin to imbecility itself than to superior mind. Genius sees not usually the magnitude of the difficulty, but the magnitude of the glory of its purposes. Without calculating processes, (which appear like matters of instinct or intuition to it,) it strikes forward at the result, and from its very courage derives a strength without which it must have failed. The design of Klopstock would have hardly been conceived at a more considerate age. But now in his boyhood it glowed, a Promethean spark, within him, until it inflamed all his splendid faculties. He immediately set himself to search for a fitting theme; and after choosing and rejecting many others, fixed upon Henry the First, the founder of the freedom of his native city, and conqueror of the Huns.

A profound element was at work in the developing mind of the poet—one stronger even than his genius, and which soon imbued his whole nature. It was religion. The characteristic earnestness of the German mind—the basis at once of its doubt and its piety, according to individual predispositions—was a marked trait of the whole life of Klopstock; and while the ambition of his boyhood was projecting a brilliant fame, the idea of a higher immortality dawned upon his mind—the soul, God, death, eternity, hell, heaven, became overpowering conceptions, in comparison with which, all motives of human ambition, all principles of æsthetic art or earthly knowledge became lighter than vanity. Thenceforth he was a consecrated man. He still felt the afflatus of genius upon his spirit, and was more determined than ever to signalize his country and his day by a great poem, which, as the blind old Milton hoped of his own, “the world would not willingly let die;” but God, not the hero of barbarous victories, was to be its theme. In an oration which he delivered about this time, before his college, he expresses, after an able dissertation on the condition of German poetry, his views of the character requisite to the writer of an epic poem in the following eloquent language: “If amongst our present poets, there may not be one who is destined to embellish his native country with this honor, hasten to arise, O glorious day, which shall bring such a fact to light! And thou, O sun, which shall first behold and with mild beams enlighten him, approach! May virtue and wisdom, with the celestial muse, nurse him with the tenderest care! May the whole field of nature be displayed before him, and the whole magnificence of our adorable religion! To him may even the range of future ages be no longer wrapped in impenetrable darkness; and by these instructors may he be rendered worthy of immortal fame, and of the approbation of God himself, whom, above all, let him celebrate!” These were

noble sentiments for a young man but twenty-one years of age—a time of life when students in Germany pride themselves most on their achievements over the wassail bowl, or on the audacity of their skepticism.

The change in the project of his poem was not a little owing to Milton, whom he read in Bodmer’s translation. In a letter which he afterward addressed to Bodmer, he gives us the following glimpse at the early workings of his mind on the subject: “When yet a boy, reading Homer and Virgil, and enraged at the German commentators, your criticisms and Breiteringer’s came into my hands. Having once read, or rather devoured them, they were always at my left hand, to be continually turned over, while Homer and Virgil were at my right. How often I then wished and still wish for your proposed treatise on the sublime! But Milton, (whom, perhaps, I should too late have seen, if you had not translated him,) when accidentally he fell into my hand, blew up at once the fire which had been kindled by Homer, and raised my soul to heaven and the poetry of religion. Often did I then behold the image of an epic poet, such as you have described in your critic poem, and I looked at it as Cæsar on the bust of Alexander, in tears.”

Whatever influence Milton’s example had, in giving a religious direction to the genius of the young German, was owing to a prior and profound susceptibility. He had, in his childhood, become so familiar with the Scriptures, and their poetical descriptions “were,” says Bodmer, “so strongly impressed upon his mind, that when the things themselves came before his eyes, he would often say they were not new to him—he had already *seen* them in the Psalms and the prophets. When he approached to manhood, the pathetic passages took the same strong hold on his heart as the glittering and magnificent images had before taken on his fancy. A promise that fallen man should find mercy, drew tears from his eyes; a trace of the immortality of the soul threw him into a transport of gratitude. Religion did not remain a mere speculation of the brain; it was a clear view of the greatness and glory of the Messiah; it was the pure feeling of love and grateful adoration.”

The subject finally chosen for his poem was the “Messiah,” a name that now ranks first in the series of great poems in the German language. After leaving college, in his twenty-first year, he spent a few months at the University of Jena. He designed to study theology here, but the elevation of his religious feelings could not accord with the cold and scholastic subtleties which then formed the theological attraction of the University. “He wanted no evidence,” says one of his biographers, “to prove the truth of a religion which had taken entire possession of his heart, and he could not listen with patience to the cavils of infidels or the reasonings of

metaphysicians." Withdrawing from the dialectic contentions of the learned doctors of the University, he consecrated himself in the stillness of his studio to the great mission of his life—the epic of the "Messiah." He sketched the first three cantos, and wrote them out in prose. From the retirement of his study he would frequently go forth into the rural neighborhoods of Jena, and, wandering about in meditative walks, trace out in his mind the beautiful imagery of his poem. In one of these walks, after several trials at other metres, he resolved to adopt that of the great epics of antiquity. He immediately transformed one of his pages into hexameters, and continued the composition in this measure—the first successful experiment of that versification in the German language.

In his twenty-second year he left Jena for the University of Leipsic, carrying with him the first three books of his poem. Here he became a member of a small literary society, of which his friends, Schmidt, Cramer, Gærtner, Schlegel, Giesecke, Zachariæ, Gellert, and Ræbener, were the chief supporters. His cantos had been shown to a few of these friends, and excited so much interest, that others were intent on seeing them; and at last they were seized, by a species of violence, and read aloud in his own chamber. They were afterward published in "The Bremen Contributions," a periodical conducted by the society.

In his twenty-fourth year he left Jena, and retired into a quiet, secluded life, at Langensalze, where he had charge of the education of a friend's children. But while in this retreat, "his Messiah," says his biographer, "excited such a degree of attention as no other book had ever awakened in Germany. Friends and enemies, admirers and critics, appeared on all hands. Young preachers quoted it in the pulpit, and Christians loved to read it as a book which afforded them, amid the rage of controversy, some scope for devout feeling. By a class of divines it was condemned as a presumptuous fiction; and the partizans of the Grammarian Gottshed raised still greater clamors against the work, on account of the language; while the Swiss critics, on the other hand, extolled it to the greatest degree. Bodmer, the translator of Milton, in particular, embraced the cause of the German epic bard with enthusiastic ardor, and contributed greatly to the celebrity of the poem."

Though but three cantos of the unfinished poem were yet published, and they only in a periodical magazine, Klopstock had at once, and in his twenty-fourth year, achieved an immortal fame. He was recognized as the Milton of his country; the charge against the German mind, of incapacity for high poetic excellence, was refuted; his name was for ever to stand first in the list of great German bards; "He idealized the German character," says a critic, "as no other one has ever done—he created for the Germans a new, strong, free, and genuine poetic

language;" and an illuminated path was now opened for that series of splendid native poets who soon began to follow him—Goethe, Wieland, Schiller, &c.

Meanwhile, how did the young bard bear his success? Poetry, another German has said, is "like the pearl in the oyster—a painful disease;" and the precious formations of the genius are often abstracted out of the life-energy of the bard. He wins the perpetuity of fame; but it is not unfrequently like the preservation of the golden-winged insect, petrified in amber. Dante, Petrarch, Byron, would have been happier as lazzaroni, lounging in supreme laziness, under the sweet skies of Italy, than moving as they did amidst its desolate memories and passionate influences, with souls of fire. Klopstock was of a healthy mental constitution, though his mind was, if we may so speak, incandescent with the fire of genius and the glow of ardent sympathies. Even in hoary age his friends called him "the youth for ever." Still, at this period of his success, and young life, a profound consciousness of the emptiness of even the purest fame oppressed him; his heart clung, with conscious dependence, to the hopes of religion and the affections of friends, and longed for the sympathy of woman's love. While the first sensation produced by the disclosure of his genius was spreading through Europe, and critics were wrangling in conflicting speculations on the new sign in the heavens which had blazed out upon them with the suddenness and splendor of a comet, he continued buried in his retirement, at Langensalze, "in deep melancholy," silent and indifferent about the critical clamors around him, writing pathetic odes, and cherishing the sadness of his thoughts. His friend Cramer alludes to this period of his history when he remarks, "I could wish to know from what causes it arises, that, in many persons who are remarkable for sensibility and strong powers of imagination, precisely at that period when the body is in its greatest vigor, and the animal spirits are the most lively—when the prospect of all the delights of honor and friendship is the most fair and blooming, and when the termination of these enjoyments appears at the greatest distance—that period is, however, frequently the time of melancholy reflections, of familiarity with the grave, and habitual contemplation of death. This 'youth for ever,' whose age even now shines with all the brightness of a fine spring morning, and who, with the well-regulated disposition of a wise man, his brow never clouded with melancholy or ill humor, gathers all the flowers of joy, was formerly wrapped in the mourning attire of Young. Never did he more seriously reflect on the instability of all earthly things, or on the importance of eternity. Many times did he *then* dip his pencil in the darkest colors, while on the richest and most beautiful night pieces he painted—death."

But a new and brighter epoch was at hand in the young poet's life—literary success, royal patronage,

precious friendships, and, above all, the smiles and affections of love were about to irradiate his career. His subsequent history exhibits one of the finest pictures of wedded life on record; and it is with a reference to this that we have thus introduced Klopstock to our readers. Hereafter, while we continue the outline of his history, it will be chiefly in illustration of the character of another—his far-famed and angelic "*Meta*."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BEREAVEMENT.

BY H. A. H.

It was a lovely summer's sunset in August. The day had been excessively sultry, but had given place to the balmy atmosphere of evening. An unusual excitement prevailed in the hitherto quiet family of Mr. H., who resided in the beautiful town of E., in western New York. Every countenance beamed with anticipated pleasure, and every eye sparkled with delight; for friends, who were dear to their hearts, were expected that evening. Two loved ones, Catherine and Harriet, who left their home nearly a year previous, to visit their sister residing at the south, and who, with her little family, were to accompany them on their return, were hourly expected.

The cloth is spread, and the evening meal prepared; but none are willing to partake of it, till they can sit down with their expected guests. Still they linger; for the southern stage has not yet arrived. Dim twilight is fast passing away, and the shadows of evening are thickly gathering. Night's gentle luminary commenced now shedding her silvery rays in lovely splendor, over mountain and valley, and heaven's blue concave is thickly studded with its brilliant stars.

Mr. H. has taken his seat upon the piazza, to enjoy the luxury of this pleasant hour, and to await the return of his son, who had walked to the bridge that crosses the river, as you enter the town, that he might meet and be the first to welcome home his beloved sisters. The stage arrives, but no fond sisters. The brother retraces his steps homeward, disappointed and sad, to bear the unwelcome intelligence of their non-arrival. Disappointment is visible in every countenance—numerous conjectures fill their bosoms, while unbidden tears bedim their eyes, and a strange foreboding of evil seems to pervade their minds. The night passed tardily, as also the succeeding day.

'Tis Saturday night. The clock strikes the hour of twelve. The family have long since retired to rest, but not to sleep. Anxiety for the absent ones had driven the "sweet restorer" from their pillows. The moon had sunk behind the western hills—a dense mist enshrouds the valley, succeeding a heavy

shower of rain, accompanied by terrific thunder. A carriage is heard in the distance—it approaches nearer and nearer, and now stops in front of the dwelling. A simultaneous rush to the windows, and the cry, "They've come! they've come!" echoes from room to room. They quickly dress, and hasten to meet them. But, instead of their joyous laugh, they find them bathed in tears. What meaneth this weeping? Catharine and Harriet are ill. They had remained too long in an unhealthy climate, and the fatal *miasma* had fastened its deadly fangs upon their frail systems, and marked them for its prey. They started for home with bright anticipations of happiness in again mingling in the society of beloved relatives and acquaintances, from whom they had been separated but a brief period, yet apparently a long time. They had not proceeded two days upon their journey, ere the insidious disease made its appearance. With difficulty they continued their journey; yet so anxious were they to reach their home, that they heeded not the ravages of disease, until they crossed the paternal threshold, and met the kindly greetings of their friends, when Catharine's heart, surcharged with grief, gave vent in a flood of tears. But soon the tears were wiped away, and cheerfulness restored. The beloved invalids are soon reposing on their couches, and receiving the unremitting attention of sisters and kind friends, whose sympathies are deeply enlisted in their behalf.

A messenger is dispatched for their family physician, to whom they were strongly attached, who immediately comes, and prescribes the needed medicines, with the expectation that they will speedily recover their wonted health and animation.

'Tis Wednesday morning. The curtains of their apartments are closely drawn—a death-like stillness prevails—the attendants tread lightly, and in whispered accents convey to each other the physician's mandates. As yet, no fears are entertained, but all indulge the fond hope, that, as they are now under the nauseating influence of medicines, they will soon be better. But, alas! how soon were such fond hopes to be blasted! How little do we know what a day may bring forth! The morrow comes, and with its gray dawn the pale-faced messenger, *Death*, is hovering around that devoted chamber. The physician finds Catharine under the influence of a death-like chill. The cold, damp dews are fast gathering on her pallid brow—her pulse is feebly flickering, while *Death* is fastening his icy fingers around her heart; and the spirit, standing upon the threshold of the unknown future, is about to stretch her plumes of faith for the eternal world.

The scene that now ensues is beyond the description of the painter's pencil. Confusion, grief, dismay almost, if not quite, unparalleled, fills every heart. The sisters are frantic with grief, and moans and cries are heard throughout the dwelling. The brother, whose home is on the "watery deep," had but

recently returned to visit the scenes of his childhood, and spend a few months, to enjoy the society of a beloved and venerable father and amiable and affectionate sisters, now stands supporting the head of a dying one, while the big tears roll silently down his manly cheeks, and the heaving bosom but too plainly speaks the anguish of his heart.

Now the aged father bends his steps toward the apartment of the dying one. How anxiously had he looked forward to the period of their return! But, ah! how soon to part, O, how soon! He struggles hard to check the rising sigh, while his whole frame trembles like an aged forest oak, whose boughs shake beneath the peltings of the merciless storm. He grasps the hand that is extended toward him, and tremulously exclaims, "Farewell, my loved one, till we meet in heaven!" He can say no more. Overpowered with grief, he retires from the couch.

But what were Catharine's sentiments in this fearful hour?

"Give to the winds my fears—
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears my sighs and counts my tears:
God shall lift up my head."

Jesus, my Savior! brother! friend!" With such expressions, she leaned her head upon the bosom of her Savior, and breathed her life out sweetly there.

Our attention is now called to Harriet, who lies in an adjoining apartment. Her countenance is as calm and serene as a lovely summer's evening. As she speaks of her Savior, a smile of ineffable sweetness illumines her brow. Dear Harriet, thou, too, must fall a prey to the cruel spoiler! In all thy loveliness, in all thy sweetness, thou, too, must be torn from thy friends, that love thee so dearly! O, Death, thou insatiable destroyer! art thou not satisfied with thy present work of desolation? Canst thou not spare this one fair flower? Ah, no! Already he is chilling life's vital current at its fountain. She now sinks in his cold embrace, as calmly and gently as the smiling infant closes its eyes upon its mother's bosom. And this is death!

In yonder parlor those sisters lie side by side, clad in the pale habiliments of the tomb.

"Yet we know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there, they are there, and they weep no more."

Their graves are made beside their sainted mother's, and over them the creeping myrtle, emblem of love, entwines its fadeless wreaths, and around them flowers glow and bloom in all their native loveliness.

AFFLICTIONS AND MERCIES.

Let thy afflictions be ever so many, yet they are not so many as thy mercies; nor so many as they might have been, had God consulted with thy sins, with thy deserts, or with his own justice.—*Boston.*

UPHAM'S LIFE OF MADAME GUYON.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

As the eye of my readers glances over this title, they will conclude that it requires considerable temerity to attempt a review of such a work by such an author. This conclusion we admit; but having waited several months in the vain hope that some one, fully competent, would perform it, we cannot resist the strong impulse which we feel to call the attention of our female readers to this wonderful example of the power of sanctifying grace. We shall not attempt what would be strictly called a review. We should as soon think of measuring the Alps with a scale, or sounding the ocean with a plummet, as to gauge either the intellect or the spirituality of the subject, or the author of this biography. We will not even spoil the pleasure of our readers, by sketching the outlines of her varied life. Our simple object is to excite sufficient interest or curiosity to induce many to partake of a rich, intellectual, spiritual banquet, which might otherwise escape their observation.

The style, the mode of the book is purely Uphamic. To those acquainted with "The Interior Life," and the "Life of Faith," that term is strongly descriptive. Owing, however, to the character of the work, a faculty was called into exercise, which was necessarily excluded from the others. The strong imaginative powers of the author, generally held under strict control, are here allowed full play. The author became deeply imbued with the character and spirit of the one he has portrayed—the two hundred years which have elapsed since her sojourn here on earth seems blotted out. The scenes and events of that distant period glow with the coloring of reality—thought and feeling are so vividly expressed, that, as the eye follows the inanimate type, we seem to gaze upon a living, breathing panorama. This is so peculiarly the fact, that many unconverted persons, who had no sympathy with the deep spirituality of the work—many of mediocre talent, who could not judge of the peculiar beauty of the style, declared, after its perusal, that it was more interesting than any novel they had ever read.

And yet the thoughts, the feelings, the events are real—drawn from her own autobiography; and here we pause, to anticipate an objection which may arise in some minds. We mean those who have read that history of herself. Many of these think of Madame Guyon only as a Catholic, a visionary, a fanatic. Perhaps such have not thought of two or three facts, the consideration of which may soften or eradicate their prejudices. First, then, they may have read a very poor translation by a very prejudiced translator. The best works which delineate her character and opinions, are in French, and of so old a date, that they are only found in a few private and

public libraries in this country. To many of these, Mr. Upham, at a great expenditure of time and patience, obtained access. Will not all concede that this fact gave him peculiar opportunities of studying and truly delineating her character? Add to this his intimate acquaintance with the philosophy of mind and religion, and who has a right hastily to conclude that the picture is inaccurately drawn or highly colored? Again, suppose any reader of the work, of any stamp of intellect, was required by what education taught him to believe was competent authority, to write the thoughts and feelings, the dreams and impressions of many years. Who could bear the expose without incurring the charge of foolishness or fanaticism? Whose judgment does not utterly condemn the vagaries of our sleeping hours? What memory would willingly retain the innumerable imaginations which arise only to be banished? Who lives successive years without undreaming his most pleasing dreams, correcting his most matured opinions, and, perhaps, retracing with tears much of his Christian course? Apply this to the work in question. By the express command of her spiritual director, Madame Guyon wrote the minute account to which we refer. That same authority forbade the suppression which her more enlightened judgment dictated, and was the more readily yielded to, because the writer deemed it private. And, when years of solitary imprisonment, closed by a wearisome banishment from those most loved on earth, had prostrated the physical system, and unfitted the mental for energetic action, even while the purified spirit rested with unshaken calmness on its God, who wonders that she consigned to another's judgment the publication of papers which past association with La Combe had rendered sacred, and which she could not, with her education, view in the clearer light which the Reformation has shed upon succeeding centuries? If Professor Upham has rescued the pure gold from the dross with which the character of the times in which she lived surrounded it, looking beneath the surface of outward action to the hidden principle which created and impelled the movement, shall we turn away from the brightness of its shining, or lightly esteem the value of those manifested motives? We might as well reject the pearl when found inclosed in the unsightly oyster, or the precious stone, because it does not flash with light, when first rescued from its earthy bed, or insist that its brilliancy is not intrinsic, because it requires the hand of the polisher, ere it can be made manifest to the outward gaze.

It has also been objected, that she was a Romanist, and that it is not wise in these days, when their increase is so much deplored, to aid them by holding up to admiration and imitation one, who, bearing that name, would exert a favorable influence upon their cause. Such, by reading, will discover, how pure spirituality raised her above, or enabled her to

look beyond those ceremonies of her Church, which, in their origin, were intended, in many instances, to shadow forth some great truth, but which increasing ignorance and superstition rendered so faint and irregular, that the original thought could not even be divined. The Holy Spirit, through the influence of the written word, (for she was a great Bible student,) enabled her to look beyond the ceremonies, and grasp the truth, or else, with a resolution akin to Luther's, to cast them far away, though in so doing she exposed herself to persecution and imprisonment. In the language of the book, she was "a reformer before the Reformation."

Once more: the world and part of the Church have pronounced her a mystic. To most this is rather an indefinite term; for few have studied the writings of that remarkable class sufficiently to discover the height and depth of spiritual truths hidden, perhaps, beneath a peculiar phraseology. We should never forget that the same general principles govern and control the mind's action in religion as in any earthly science. We mean that elementary principles must first be grasped, and tightly held, and practically applied, if we would fit ourselves for the reception of higher truths, and "go on unto perfection."

To one who has no interest in mathematics, its first problem will ever remain an unstudied mystery. But the willing and interested student, though of comparative feeble capacity, by mastering the first, will gain a perception of the second; and though, when glancing onward, the farther problems still seem mysterious and unintelligible, though he cannot clearly see how the truths he is holding in their incipient life, will work out higher results, which a more advanced student assures him is to him a subject of personal experience. Who would not condemn the beginner, or one at any intermediate stage, as arrogant or dogmatical, who would make his own experience the test by which to decide the reality and truth of that which he has never grasped? Not so would we have our readers, young in years or in Christian experience, decide upon this wonderful manifestation of the power and extent of divine grace upon a vigorous intellect, a warm heart, and a vivacious temperament. What they cannot understand, let them "follow on to know." As Methodists, they may compare the plan so clearly illustrated by Professor Upham with the Bible, and Wesley, and Fletcher, and practically prove whether entire consecration and living faith will not lead to a state of holy union, which must ever, to the unspiritual, bear the stamp of mysticism and enthusiasm.

When Napoleon, with his unnumbered host, had left the sunny plains of France, and stood at the base of the towering Alps, how impracticable must have seemed the ascent. We doubt not firm hearts quailed and stout frames shrank from the Herculean effort. But their indomitable leader stood before

them, inspiring them by assurances of glory and renown, and causing them to march to music, which was victory anticipated in song. He went before them. He asked them to cross no mountain which he did not scale, to traverse no valley he did not descend, to tremble beside no precipice, the terrors of which he did not brave. They pressed on, not only those high in command, the officers of that far-famed host—not only the vanguard nearest the leader, and to whom he was frequently in open vision, but the rear—the young, the feeble, and the faint—the raw recruit, the untrained conscript, made strong by equal promises and sympathetic impulse, pressed onward and upward likewise; and, by planting their footsteps where former feet had trod, and following the directions which more experienced heads had dictated, were *all, all* landed in fertile Italy, and realized the victory so confidently promised at the outset. The Christian host, gathered under the Captain of their salvation, have left the plains of worldly ease and self-indulgence, and are called to scale the heights, and sound the depths of Christian experience. Their Leader has gone before them, and millions of his tried adherents already stand on conquered ground, and exult in perfect victory. But our band, this passing generation, are on their way, and among it are the feeble and the faint. The way to them is arduous—ofttimes they have reached an ascent from which they may at least overlook the land of promise, when, to their astonished vision, “Alps on Alps arise,” and they learn that their past sore travel is but the incipient stage of their arduous journey. Ofttimes their Leader seems so far before them they cannot trace his footsteps; and then the intermediate influence and encouragement of human hearts, made strong in faith and love, yea, “perfected by the grace of God,” comes with more than angelic power to comfort and to nerve the struggling, yet determined follower of the cross of Christ.

In this aspect we delight to view the life of Madame Guyon. In this light has Professor Upham so pictured forth her varied life, that every scene and every action seems but the embodiment of pure spiritual principle, yet so simplified by lucid exposition, and made so practical by familiar illustration, that the feeblest believer may see the links of the golden chain of cause and effect, stretching far, far in the distance, and, though the end is lost in apparent mist, can *feel* that it is fixed on that which is stable and enduring. The book, though of course intended, in its spiritual application, for general readers, is emphatically a *woman's* book. It portrays the girl, beautiful in person, superior in intellect, and glowing with warm affections, introduced into the gayest society of the gay capital of France, though not sixteen, admired and courted, and apparently on the threshold of this world's highest and most valued enjoyments. Sacrificed in marriage on the altar of

Mammon, we see her widowed in feeling, ere she ceased to be a bride, and sympathize with her in the deep desolation which cast a pall over earthly enjoyment. And then we trace the weary spirit in its struggles to cease from earth and cling alone to God. Hard, indeed, was it to learn that lesson; for the light of simple faith dawned slowly on her saddened heart; but when that glorious truth was apprehended, her soul, having deeply felt the utter inefficiency of its own efforts, the utter worthlessness of its own righteousness, seems at once and entirely to have apprehended that glorious truth, “I no longer live, but Christ liveth in me.”

We also deem Madame Guyon a bright exemplification of the missionary spirit in its highest form. To save the souls of others, she sacrificed wealth, ease, and social connections—she braved persecution, calumny, imprisonment, banishment, and death; and in so doing she exerted an influence, which, commencing among the rude inhabitants of the village of Savoy, extended to the cities of Marseilles and Grenoble, embracing priests, cardinals, nuns, and nobility in its spiritual grasp; then reaching Paris, was felt in the house of St. Cyr, in the immediate circle which surrounded royalty, and entering Versailles, awakened in Madame Maintenon a sense of need, and aroused even Louis the Fourteenth to decided, though, alas! hostile action. The extent of that influence we cannot measure; but we wish for a moment to dwell upon one fact.

Who does not know, and love, and admire Fenelon, the pure, the lofty, the intellectual? Who does not sympathize with the youthful enthusiasm which prompted him to exclaim, “The whole of Greece opens before me, and the Sultan flies in terror; the Peloponessus breathes again in liberty, and the Church of Corinth shall flourish once more; the voice of the apostle shall be heard there again. I seem to be transported among those enchanting places, and those inestimable ruins, where, while I collect the most curious relics of antiquity, I imbibe, also, its spirit. I seek for the Areopagus, where St. Paul declared to the sages of the world, the unknown God. I kneel down, O, happy Patmos! upon thy earth, and kiss the steps of the apostle, and I shall almost believe that the heavens are opening upon my sight,” &c.

Who does not wonder at the success which crowned his efforts as preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy? Who, following him to his loved diocese, when Archbishop of Cambray, and marking the intellect which could successfully compete with the celebrated Bossuet in argument and eloquence, stoop to the wants and sympathize with the griefs of the lowest peasantry, without acknowledging the existence of a principle wonderful in its operations and results?

“But (Professor Upham asks) who pointed him to a higher inward life and brighter hopes than had

previously come within the scope either of his knowledge or his expectations? And when he had set out upon this new way, the way of victory because it was the way of holiness, who aided him at every step of his progress, in giving clearness to his vision, and strength to his doubting purposes? Whose example was it, consecrated by tears and illustrated by labors, in the domestic circle and in the more public sphere, at home and abroad, in freedom and in prison, that attracted his notice, excited his holy desires, and strengthened his hopes? It is impossible, with any regard to truth and justice, to separate the influence of the instructions, of the exhortation and prayers, and of the personal life and example of Madame Guyon, from the renovated nature, the benevolent labors, and the sublime faith of Fenelon.

"We repeat here, what we have already had occasion to intimate in another place, that woman's task is not finished when she sends abroad those whom she has borne and nurtured in her bosom on their pilgrimage of action and duty in the wide world. Far from it. Man is neither safe in himself, nor profitable to others, when he lives dissociated from that benign influence which is to be found in woman's presence and character—an influence which is needed in the projects and toils of mature life, in the temptations and trials to which that period is especially exposed, and in the weakness and sufferings of age hardly less than in childhood and youth.

"But it is not woman, gay, frivolous, and unbelieving—it is not woman, separated from those divine teachings which make all hearts wise, that can lay claim to the exercise of such an influence. But when she adds to the traits of sympathy, forbearance, and warm affections, which characterize her, the strength and wisdom of a well-cultivated intellect, and the still higher attributes of religious faith and holy love, it is not easy to limit the good she may do in all situations and in all periods of her life."

But we must close. Our limits will not permit us to dwell on the lofty intellect which, added to deep spirituality, made her "more than conqueror," in her discussions with Bossuet, not upon the manifestations of maternal feelings, which show her woman's heart, nor upon the clear, spiritual, impressive letters, which, like the bright light from the lofty rock, reveal the dangers of the spiritual course, while yet they plainly show the strait and narrow way into the quiet harbor of the rest of faith, nor upon the beautiful episode of the maid-servant, which strikes the heart with wonder, while it melts it into tenderness, nor describe the effects we have already witnessed from the perusal of the book we recommend, nor even express our hope of the results which will widely follow its circulation. But we leave it to the widening influence which we know it will exert, written and sent forth, as it has been, in the exercise of that unshaken faith, which rests calmly upon the promises of God.

THE SEA.

BY A. HILL.

Thou great rolling sea, O, how grand! how impressive!

Thy voice unto me is emphatic—expressive!
It is wonderful! mighty! tremendous! sublime!
Like the waves of eternity dashing on time.

In the calm, placid sunshine, how solemn, how grave,

Is the low, quiet murmur of each swelling wave!
How deep is the silence, when thou art at rest!
How soft is the ripple that stirs on thy breast!

How loud is the thunder, when thou dost awaken!
As if the vast fabric of nature was shaken.
How dreadful thy fury! how startling thy groan!
Creation in travail, thus utters her moan!

How vast are thy upheaving billows! how low
Are thy cavernous depths, in the regions below!
How extensive thy sweep round this swift-rolling planet!

The Power that sustains thee, what mortal can scan it!

How fearful the tempest that sweeps thy domain,
When the storm-spirit howls in the mad hurricane!
How sad the confusion! how wild the dismay!
When the sprites of the ocean awaken to play.

The earthquake that sleeps in thy awful abysses
Comes forth at thy call, with deep groaning and hisses;

The upheaving island springs forth into view,
Like a world in its beauty, created anew.

What numberless beings thy bosom conceals!
How vast are the treasures thy commerce reveals!
How great is the wealth which thy labyrinths store!
How small a proportion floats up to the shore!

And deep in the depths of thy ever blue waters
Are sleeping in silence earth's sons and earth's daughters—

The kind and the gentle, the fierce and the brave,
By thousands go down to a fathomless grave.

O, where is their sepulchre? where dost thou lay them,

When madly in vengeance thou risest to slay them?
O, say, does the monarch of ocean preside
O'er the numberless victims that sink in thy tide?

The form of thy white-crested billows, how bright!
Like a tide of hot lava they shine in the night;
And the phosphor that glows on thy rich flowing mane,

I have seen it with rapture, again and again.

What holds thee in stays is a deep growing wonder—

What hushes thy voice, and subdues thy harsh thunder—

What keeps thee from dashing the islands away,
And drowning each continent deep in thy spray.

O, marvelous ocean! methinks I can see
A most excellent type of Jehovah in thee.
Profoundly mysterious! o'erwhelmingly grand!
Unmeasured—unfathomed—unawed by command—

Profuse in thy blessings—unstinted, and free,
With a world's mighty commerce depending on thee,
Thy vastness and magnitude strangely combine
With thy purity—forming a symbol divine.

HOME.

BY OLIVER B. PEIRCE.

WHAT though music may chant, what though beauty
may smile,
What though pleasure allures, the fond heart to be-
guile!
Not the train of false flatt'ers, the wealth-blazoned
dome,
Can expel from my heart the remembrance of home.

Though oblivion, by absence and bustle, would hide
That lone-hallowed spot where all sorrows subside,
Still my heart heeds it not; for, whatever may come,
It, *Daguerreotyped*, bears the sweet image of home.

Though the warrior triumphant in battle may ride—
Bathe his weapon, bright gleaming, in life's crimson
tide—
Though from empire to empire, midst slaughter he
roam,
'Tis weakness, 'tis madness—*O give me my home!*

Though the sovereign may govern, a despot at will—
Though his vassals proclaim him, his wishes fulfill—
Though earth's made a pauper to build him a dome
Like Babel's, 'tis nothing contrasted with home.

When young Morn, in her brightness, looks o'er the
glad earth—

When Nature rejoices to greet this new birth,
With hearts joined in praise, to the altar we come,
The sweetest, the holiest attraction of home.

When bright Sol, in his chariot, ascending on high,
In fervor looks down from his throne in the sky—
When evening to rest bids the wanderer come,
Still rises the incense of praise from my home.

'Tis sweet, in one's absence, o'erburdened with care,
To gain, e'en in slumber, relief from despair—
To hear the glad voices loud shouting, "He's come!
Look, mother! see father! our father's come home!"

Bright scenes of Elysium, ye're nothing to this—
The joy-swelling bosom, the soul-melting kiss,
Too blissful to last; for (the morning light come)
I awaken to find I but dreamed of my home!

As the Israelite, torn from his sacred abode,
By faith turns his eye to the temple of God,
So my heart, pressed by absence, and sinking in
gloom,
Turns in hope to the loved ones—wife, children, and
home.

O, Father of mercies, look down from above!
O'er that green desert isle spread thy mantle of love!
O guard them, protect me, while, sad, I may roam,
And bring me full soon to the joys of my home!

THOUGHTS IN SPRING.

BY ISAAC JULIAN.

FREE from the train of weary care,
That throngs thy path, vain mortal man!
How sweet to breathe the balmy air,
And form the mind to nature's plan!

How strange that men in *crowds* should dwell,
Mid toil, and care, and filth, and strife,
While ev'ry peaceful hill and dell,
With plenty fraught, invites to life!

How sweet to hail the rising dawn,
Amid the scented herbs and flow'rs—
To tread the dew-bespangled lawn,
Or roam the wild-wood's secret bow'rs!

Or, when the day draws to its close,
And shadows stretch athwart the plain,
How sweet, amid the world's repose,
To listen to the night-bird's strain!

When the broad sun, his journey done,
Smiles gladly ere his disk sink down,
While the wide circle which he run
Glow's like a seraph's flaming crown!

How passing sweet, when night falls round,
To roam beneath the cloudless sky—
To gaze on earth, in silence bound,
And lift to heav'n the thoughtful eye!

Upon the stillness of this hour,
The coolness of this woodland shade,
No angry clouds of passion low'r,
No evil thoughts the heart invade.

And, O, could *wishes* form the heart,
Or mark the course of future years,
I would not from the scene depart,
For all that *folly* hopes or fears.

HOPE.

HOPE welcomes to life the smiling child;
Her light shapes round the schoolboy swim;
Hope fires the young man with visions wild;
And she goes not under the earth with him.

SCHILLER.

POWER OF THE CROSS.

BY LEWIS R. DUNN.

MUCH as has been written on this subject, frequently as it has been the theme of enrapturing contemplation and impassioned declamation, it still remains the unexhausted theme.

The power which the cross of Christ would exert upon the untold millions of the human family, was foreseen by the prophets as they stood upon the mount of vision and looked down the line of ages. Before it they saw fall numerous systems of idolatry and superstition; they saw idol gods dethroned, idol temples dilapidated, and idol worshipers become followers of the Lamb.

At length, when the true character and design of the cross were revealed to the world, the visions, which prophets had enjoyed, began to be realized. The preaching of the cross has effected the mightiest revolutions which the world has ever gazed upon. It is true, its first preachers were unclad with the habiliments of worldly power and authority, unhonored and unknown. And not only so; as soon as the design of their mission and ministry was made known, and they announced their determination to know nothing among men but "Jesus Christ and him crucified," the world rose up in arms against them. Thus, apparently single-handed, and with a theme, which was "to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the Greek foolishness," they went forth in the discharge of the duties of that commission which Christ had given them. But they went not forth in their own strength; they were not *alone*. The mighty spirit of God guided them with strength for the contest, demonstrated the power of the preaching of the cross, and enabled them to overcome every opposition.

Let us, in considering the power of the cross, look at the fact, that before it the most powerful and splendid systems of idolatry which the world ever saw have entirely disappeared. Where are now those systems of idolatry which were in existence in the days of the apostles—those systems embraced by millions, supported by thrones, principalities, and powers, and based upon the prejudices of ages? Where are their temples, their statues, their priests, and their votaries? Where are Jupiter, Apollo, Mercury, Bacchus, and Mars? Where are Saturn, Janus, Vulcan, and Æolus? And where are Juno, Minerva, and Venus? Before the power of the cross they have crumbled down from their throne or their base to the dust. Their splendid and magnificent temples have moldered into ruins. The fires have gone out from their altars, and their worship has ceased for ever.

And it deserves a passing thought, that these systems of idolatry, having disappeared before the power of the cross, have never been revived; no attempt has

ever been made to raise them from their ruins. Who for centuries has stood up to vindicate the authority or worship of any of the gods of antiquity? "Can Jupiter regain his thunder and his throne, or Neptune his trident over the seas?" Will Woden, Thor, or Tiesco, gods of our fatherland, ever emerge from the oblivion into which they have been hurled by the power of the cross?

Again, the power of the cross has silenced for centuries the heathen oracles. Wherever the cross was erected, they were struck dumb, and their responses were hushed for ever. The greatest of English poets has sung, in reference to this event,

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos clearing,
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

The cross triumphed over the philosophy of the Greek, and the prejudices of the Jew. In those very cities where the philosophy of Greece was well known and universally believed, multitudes were converted, and large Churches were erected. The banner of the cross floated in triumph from Mars' Hill, and its crimson colorings attracted the attention of the nations. "In less than a single year, on the very soil where its author expired accused as a malefactor, its converts amounted to nearly ten thousand. In less than two years it overran Judea; and in less than a single century, its power was felt through Lybia, Syria, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, Armenia, and Parthia, the whole of Asia Minor, and no small part of Europe."

It has subdued its most powerful persecutors, and its bitterest enemies. View Saul of Tarsus proceeding to the execution of his sanguinary commission. As he draws near the place where the followers of the Nazarene are glorying in the cross, there shines suddenly in his path a light above the brightness of the mid-day sun—an invisible hand arrests him—he falls to the ground, and tremblingly inquires, "Who art thou, Lord?" The answer returned is, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest?" Overpowered and alarmed by his sins, he goes to Damascus, not to "scatter, tear, and slay" the followers of Jesus, but to pray for mercy at his hand. And after three days, he was so entirely subdued by the power of the cross, that ever afterward he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Infidelity, that hydra-headed monster, has been crushed again and again by its conquering power. It has tamed the savage. It has transformed the cannibal from his ferocious thirst for human blood, to be a follower of the blessed Jesus. It has subdued the most stubborn hearts; and it has conquered the most rebellious. It has arrested many a "wandering star"

"journeying on to the blackness of darkness for ever"—has baptized it with its own light, and set it in motion around its central orb—the "Sun of Righteousness"—to revolve in sweetest harmony through the ever-during cycles of a coming eternity. And now, as it rises in its power, the crescent wanes, the existing systems of idolatry tremble to their deep foundations, and a premonition has seized upon the minds of millions of idol worshippers, that their systems are to pass away before a power, which, to them is, as yet, unknown.

In view of these facts, we should be encouraged to look for the universal triumphs of the cross. It has not lost its power. What it has done, it can do again. And we are encouraged by both prophecy and promise, to believe that its mightiest conquests are yet to be made. True, the cross may have yet severe struggles with the powers of darkness: Popery, Paganism, infidelity, sin, and the powers of hell may assail it, *but it must prevail*. Its "bloody banner" shall yet wave in triumph over every territory where the black flag of hell has been hoisted.

The cross! the cross! around it and in it are clustering and centring all our hopes and all our joys. And if any of the readers of this article, have not, as yet, bowed to the cross of Christ, let me urge you to yield your hearts to its powerful attractions. There is nothing between you and the burning lake but the cross. There is nothing which can raise you up from the crumbling verge of the ruin which awaits you but its power. O, seek your happiness in the cross—centre your hopes there, and the former shall gush over your heart as the living waters of an exhaustless fountain, while the latter shall rest firmly as the rock of ages.

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

BY MISS S. H. R.

CALM and delightful is the hour of departing day! Let me mix in the busy crowd of active being—let my heart be led into the dark turmoils of painful existence; but let me say that the quiet shades of evening are my own—that then I can enter into the secret chambers of my own hidden thoughts; and offer upon their altar to God, a prayer of pure devotion, and methinks I could bear with more fortitude the frowning ills of life.

"O, when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer."

The whispering waves, the dying away of some distant echo, or the withered leaves of some blighted flower, will often bring before us the bright or shadowy forms of vanished years.

THE FORGOTTEN MOUNTAINS.

BY E. M. D.

WITH deep interest, Mr. Editor, I accompanied your able contributor of the January number, as he depicted with rapid, yet vivid sketch, some of the mountains of holy writ. Long have those sacred hills been my chosen study, and I have lingered among them until my heart has clung to their beauty, or magnificence, or desolation, with peculiar attachment.

They seem to have been selected by God for the most striking manifestations of his glory, power, and love; and while I have regarded Calvary as the altar upon which a sacrifice was offered in vindication of that law which from Sinai was promulged, Ararat has shown God's justice in the deluge, and Carmel has listened to the proclamation of his unshared divinity. I have lingered on the mount of transfiguration, with the Master, and beheld the cloud receive him from the hill whence he ascended. But neither the cloud-capped summit of the resting place of the "world's gray fathers," nor the bare rocks and craggy precipices which were illumined by the burning bush, and echoed to the voice of the descended God; nor the rounded cone, where, in sight of the disloyal Ahab, the very

"rocks felt God's rebuke,

And melted 'neath the Almighty's look;"

nor the flattened spheroid whence Deborah and Balaak led their troops to victory; nor the unknown mount of transfiguration; nor the sunny slopes of Olivet; nor the still dearer memories that cluster round the hill of sacrifice, can permit me to lose sight of Gilead, and Edom, and Abarim, to forget Ebal and Gerizim, to neglect to wander with the youthful David among the fastnesses of southern Palestine, to no more lose myself amid the interminable forests of Libanus, or to refrain from standing with Paul upon the centre of the world's refinement, when from the Acropolis of Athens he announced the "unknown God."

I bowed to the beauty of thought and diction with which your correspondent had invested his chosen mountains, but felt as a mother feels when, from among her large family, some two or three of her children have been noticed by an admiring visitor, and even while her own judgment acknowledges the superior beauty, or the pre-eminent grace, or the striking talent of the selected few, her heart, or, perhaps, her closer knowledge, leads her to tell of the more hidden virtues, or the innate resources of her unnoticed loved ones.

Passing by, then, Ararat and Sinai, so vividly portrayed, let us, leaving the Mesopotamia with Jacob, cross the Euphrates, and encamp with him in Gilead. Here we shall almost lose ourselves among obscurity of motives that could have actuated Rachel in the

matter of the stolen teraphim, unless we conclude that she was infected by that strange mixture of religion and idolatry which at that time prevailed. Gilead rather interests us as giving some insight into a state of society quite peculiar to that time and people. The stratagems, the flight, the theft, and, above all, the singular covenant that concluded the affair, give a truth and reality to the picture in perfect keeping with the locality it describes. "It is neither Egyptian, nor Palestinian, nor even Arabian life; it breathes the free air of the wide and open plains of inland Asia, where the primitive inhabitants were spreading, without impediment or opposition, with their flocks, and herds, and camels, over unbounded and unoccupied regions." We regard these little incidental circumstances as proofs in themselves of the antiquity and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures; and, for this reason, besides its being the birth-place of Elijah, would commend Gilead to your attention.

The band of Jacob has become a numerous people. We see them bowed under Egyptian oppression, and rescued from the degrading vassalage by the instrumentality of Moses. Horeb and Sinai have quailed beneath the voice and tread of Jehovah, and mid the *Mountains of Seir* we pause, not only to stand by the tomb of Aaron, but to gaze with mournful interest upon the heights which the Israelites refused to scale, notwithstanding the assurances of Caleb and Joshua, and from which they were afterward repulsed, when, in defiance of the command of God, they attempted to surmount them. But not alone the lesson that "our sufficiency is of God," do we learn from Seir or Edom. The cruelty of the Edomites in refusing the Israelites a passage through their land, caused a doom to be pronounced upon them which is even yet evolving, and Petra's desolation proclaims, with trumpet voice, the retributive justice of the Omnipotent, while the fulfillment of prophecy leaves no doubt of his omniscience.

Years have passed away: the Egyptian Israelites have perished in the wilderness, and with their desert-born sons, we encamp among the *Mountains of Abarim*. Having surveyed the promised land from Pisgah, we hasten to obey the instructions of the dying lawgiver, as delivered from Mt. Nebo. The Jordan is divided—walled cities fall—we have taken possession of the land, and, standing at the base of *Ebal* and *Gerizim*, solemnly assent to the promised blessing, or the threatened curses, of the covenant there entered into. O, while we wonder and weep over the delinquency of the chosen people, should not we, who also have entered into a covenant engagement with Jehovah, and ratified it by partaking of the blood and body of his Son, should not we remember that to us the command is given, "to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and mind, and strength," and never, never forget that "he who offendeth in one point is guilty of all."

Time has fled on rapid pinion: the invading strangers

have become a powerful nation. The theocracy has been abandoned, and he who is destined to become its head, is now hiding from the ire of their first anointed monarch among the *coverts of southern Palestine*. The fervent prayers and the joyful songs, composed by the youthful outlaw among that mountain scenery, are still the daily language of many a heart, and our affections cling as closely to the wanderer and the wild, as to the poet-king enthroned in the palace of Jerusalem.

Whence come the sounds of falling timber that arrest the listening ear? What gloomy defiles are those through which are borne the lofty cedars? *Lebanon* is yielding her tribute toward the palace of the King of kings; for the northern boundary of Palestine owns the sway of one whose father was an outcast on its southern hills. And had the splendid temple reared from its forests sufficed to keep the hearts of the people true to their allegiance to Jehovah, the lofty heights of *Lebanon* would have proved an insuperable barrier to the invasion of surrounding foes. But seduced to idol worship, even by him who knew all was "vanity and vexation of spirit," the people desecrated the fir, the palm tree, and the cedar, until the gross idolatry of the *hill of offense*, called for the judgments of Jehovah. *Hermion* wept her dews in vain; for even the glorious manifestations of Carmel failed to restore Judea to her rank among the kingdoms, and she became a proverb and reproach, even "the trodden down of nations."

Centuries have rolled by, and He who, under the old dispensation, spoke in thunderings and in fire, from many a hillside in Judea, now taught the gathered multitudes in words such as man never spake. Tempted in all points, like as we are, the *mount of temptation* had witnessed his triumph over the baffled fiend, and now the *hill of beatitudes* echoed to his voice, and that all-comprehending sermon is still the lucid exposition of the Christian walk—its promises the sweet encouragement to cheer him on his way.

On the manifested glories of the mount of transfiguration, on the finished suffering of the hill of sacrifice, on the sunny slope of Olivet, we need not dwell; an abler hand has sketched their living portraiture, and the glorious, dying, rising Redeemer has claimed our wonder, our tears, our adoration.

Stand we, then, with Paul on Mars' Hill. Before us is the Parthenon in all the radiance of its snowy beauty. That long flight of marble steps descends from the Propyleum to the plain below. Within the shadow of the Acropolis, rises the temple of Jupiter Olympus, with its hundred columns, and, scattered far and wide, are temples and porticoes, and seats of learning, and seats of pleasure, all crowded with innumerable statues, only not perfect in comparison with the "Minerva," that master-piece of Phidias, which, towering above all, "returning exiles wept with joy to behold while yet far at sea." Endeavoring

to realize the court and audience before whom the "setter forth of strange gods" was arraigned, we first bow to those venerable citizens of Athens who, composing the Areopagus, took cognizance of all matters pertaining to morals and religion. Turning to the audience, we see not only the disciples of Epicurus and Zeno, who had brought the charge against the apostle, but gathered with them the learned of all nations, who were seeking a philosophy more congenial to the human heart than that of Plato or Socrates. Little could the cold abstractions of Greek philosophy meet the necessities of our common nature! The sensibilities and affections were either crushed beneath its unsparing tread, or the soul was buried beneath the ruins of health consequent upon an authorized sensuality. But none of Christ's commissioned twelve, if placed before that audience, could have felt as felt the great apostle of the Gentiles. Ignorance would have been their defense from scorn—their covert from ridicule. But Paul, equal to those before him in refinement and condition, knew each thought, felt each sneer, nay, almost *sympathized* in the contempt with which he was regarded, as he avowed himself a follower of the crucified Nazarene. Yet with what heaven-inspired judgment did he seize the incident of the altar erected to the "unknown God," to open his defense by exclaiming, "Him ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you, as the God that made the world." Though he left their shrines without a god, not a murmur of dissent arose, as gazing upon the glorious vision of sea, and sky, and plain, and hill, around them, he announced, "The Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Athenian pride received its just rebuke in the doctrine of the common brotherhood of man, while the Epicureans and Peripatetics were confronted in their denial of a universal, providential government, by "Who hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." To the Stoic he declared, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being;" and while the city before him was a treasury of gold and silver, and stone graven by art and man's device, hear the bold annunciation, "Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think the Godhead like unto gold and silver; the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

Silence, if not assent, reigned in that vast assemblage, until the doctrines of the soul's immortality, and the certainty of coming judgment, and the necessity of personal righteousness, awoke unrepressed indignation; and upon the assurance that God "had raised Jesus from the dead," while a few said, "We will hear thee again of this matter," mockery and scorn prevailed. Amid the conflict of opinion that ensued, the orator of the day was forgotten, and he pursued that onward course, which carried him, ere

his final triumph, to proclaim Christ in the seven-hilled city, and to plant the standard of Immanuel upon the *Capitoline mount*.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

A PARODY.

BY REV. H. P. TORSEY, A. M.

THERE is a lonely cottage
In bright Barbara's vale,
With its bamboos waving mournfully
In the breath of the evening gale.
Green cottages surround it,
In the sunlight gleaming far;
But moss-grown is that lonely cot—
Its walls all gray and bare.
Where once glad voices sounded
Of children in their mirth;
No whisper breaks the solitude
Of that deserted hearth.
The vampire from its fastness
To that lone cot has flown,
And the adder coils his speckled folds
Beneath the threshold stone.
No bough of shady mango,
No green and trailing vines,
Shelter the broken, reed-thatched roof,
Through which the pale moon shines;
While many a solemn shadow,
Seems gathering in the gloom,
Like sad Barbara's long-lost ones,
Come back to that old room.
O, where are they whose voices
Rung out o'er hill and dale?
Gone! but their mournful memories
Are breathed on every gale—
Gone to Morocco's slave-tilled land,
And ours of the "Godlike free:"
They'll meet no more, as once they met
Beneath the bamboo tree.
A bloody curse is on them,
The scourge of white men sore;
But oft their dreamy memories steal
To bright Barbara's shore—
To the valley and the homestead
Of their childhood, pure and free,
Till each worn spirit yearns
That home once more to see.
O, blest are they who quiet live
Mid old familiar things,
Where every object round the heart
Its hallowed influence flings;
And curs'd is every tyrant
Who rends love's holy chains,
And sells the "image of his God"
"For his accursed gains."

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

BY REV. N. HANCOCK, D. D.

God has so ordered it, in the arrangements of human society, that its several members are destined to act upon each other, however secretly and imperceptibly, either for good or evil, and that in exact proportion to the position they severally occupy, and the character they sustain. This is true of all classes, and of each individual of every class. There is no one, however obscure his position, or elevated his station, but what makes his wake as he moves along on the surface of human society, which reaches, as it widens, more or less of his fellows, and exerts an influence upon their destinies either for happiness or misery, for time and eternity. That man is placed in a position by which he may exert a commanding influence on human society, and more especially if he occupy an elevated station, is a truth that no one will dispute. Nor is it much less evident, that the female exerts an influence equally extensive, according to the position she occupies, though frequently less notorious, yet equally efficient, in molding the character and forming the destiny of those with whom she associates, or over whose character she exercises her influence.

Who that is acquainted with the history of the world, does not know the predominating influence, which the female sex has exerted on human society. Under the Jewish economy, we have numerous accounts of the truth of this remark. The mother of Moses was instrumental in rearing that eminent servant of God, and laying the foundation of his future greatness and glory. And "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron," responded to the triumphant song of Moses, and led her female associates out after her with "timbrels and dances," saying, "Sing ye to the Lord; for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea." Thus she encouraged her brother in the glorious work of emancipating the Israelites from the tyranny of Pharaoh. And what shall be said of *Deborah*, of *Ruth*, of *Anna*, the prophetess, and numerous others which are mentioned in the book of God with high marks of approbation, but that they were instrumental by their talents, the piety and urbanity of their character, of exerting a mighty influence on the age in which they lived, and the record of their acts has perpetuated their influence even to the present time.

But leaving these ancient female worthies whose example is recorded for the benefit of all generations, let us notice some of more modern times, both in the religious and political world, the influence of whose example may be profitably portrayed for the consideration and guidance of all.

Who does not bless God for such a man as John Wesley! And yet who does not know that he was

indebted to the precepts and tuition of his excellent mother, not only for the rudiments of his education, but also for that counsel in his more mature years, which guided him in some of the more important acts of his life. Let those who doubt this, read the "Wesley Family," by Dr. A. Clarke, and they will see female excellence shining out in its own peculiar brilliancy, and shedding a lustre, not only upon the mother herself, but its reflected rays lit upon her son, and surrounded him with a halo of glory, which, by its reflex acts, darted a ray into the heart of the mother herself, and brought her to the foot of the cross, from which she departed not until she found "redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

And who that has read the life and letters of Hester Ann Rogers but what admires the grace of God manifested in her experience, both of justification and sanctification, and also, the clearness of her views on the grand doctrines of the Gospel. Of all the females in modern times, I consider her as standing first on the list of Christian women, who adorn the annals of the Church, and, therefore, earnestly recommend her biography to the consideration of all who wish to dive into the depths of perfect love, and to become eminently useful to those with whom they associate.

Lady Maxwell and Mrs. Fletcher both displayed equal tenderness of heart, depth of Christian experience, and an ardent thirst for the salvation of others, though sometimes less uniform in their Christian feelings and enjoyments, subject to greater depression of spirits, and guided at times more by feeling than faith; yet the Christian virtues shine out in them both, in the manner calculated to charm the beholder with their attractive excellencies. Many others of a similar character might be mentioned, both in Europe and America, as examples worthy of imitation; but these are sufficient, without particularizing any others, to establish the truth of my position, of the influence which pious females may exert upon the interests of society.

And as to those in the political world, they are equally numerous, and especially in giving birth to sons who have exerted a commanding influence in their day and generation. Bonaparte ascribed to the precepts and example of his mother the brilliancy of his military career; and even Byron, infidel as he was, manifesting the venom of his disposition in all his writings, inherited the poison of his principles from his mother, whom he disdainfully called a vixen, on account of the turbulence of her disposition. How did our immortal Washington revere the memory of his excellent mother! And the mother of John Quincy Adams, whose recent decease has been announced, was among the American heroines, who assisted in achieving our national independence. Who that has read of that turbulent period in the history of the world, the French Revolution, does

not call to mind the conspicuous part which Madame de Stael and Madame Roland took in that awful drama, in which the human passions were wrought up to the highest pitch of madness, and spent their fury in massacring the human species! These females, with others that might be mentioned, by their conversations and writings, sped on the wheels of the revolutionary car, until they were impeded in their progress by blood and carnage, under the rolling of which the last mentioned, Madame Roland, fell a devoted victim, while the other, Madame de Stael, outrode the storm, and was finally banished from the kingdom of France by the mandate of Bonaparte, because he feared her influence against the despotism of his government!

I have quoted these latter examples, not because I wish the women of America to mingle in the political broils of the day, nor to exert their talents in civil or warlike enterprises, but simply to show the influence which the female character may exert on society, whenever they enter heart and soul into any cause which they may espouse. I cannot help thinking, however, that if ever the time should come when our country's welfare should be endangered by anarchy or despotism, the voice of pious and patriotic females will be heard amidst the roar of contending parties, and tend mightily to hush them to silence, and thus become the efficient instruments of the salvation of their country.

But it is chiefly for the purpose of showing the influence of female character upon the interests of the Church, the diffusion of Gospel truth, the advancement of pure and undefiled religion, that I have cited the above examples of female piety. They exerted their talents in the best of all causes. The holiness of their lives, the urbanity of their tempers, the exemplariness of their conduct, together with the unpretending modesty of their demeanor, exerted a powerful influence in all the circles in which they moved, and gave a mighty impetus to the spread of evangelical principles and piety. And now when God appears to be working upon the hearts of mankind, the religion of the Gospel extending its hallowing influence, the way opening in every direction for the diffusion of Gospel truth and holiness among the several nations of the earth, what a loud call is presented for those females whose depth of piety gives them a thirst for the salvation of sinners, to put forth their energies, and to exert their influence in every possible way to help on the glorious cause.

It is, however, in the domestic circle where female excellence shines the brightest. The mother, in the midst of her children, may early instil into their tender and flexible minds those principles of Divine truth, which, by the blessing of God upon her endeavors, may mold them into the image of Christ. It is here that her influence is more especially felt. If she exhibit to her household an example of patience

and sobriety, of industry and economy, of wisdom in counsel, sanctifying all her actions "by the word of God and prayer," she may be instrumental of rearing up a household for God, and may become the happy and the honored mother of sons in the Gospel, who may proclaim unto men the "unsearchable riches of Christ," and of daughters who shall be adorned with a "meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price." How much their salvation, their honor, their happiness, present and eternal, depend upon the counsel and example of the mother, who can tell! A turbulent mother, who exhibits the temper of a demon to her children, whose angry and boisterous words are perpetually stirring up the evil passions of the human heart may convert the most amiable children into demons in human flesh, and thus lay an early foundation for untold miseries, both in this world and the world to come. On the other hand, the mother whose example is as above described, may gently lead her children along in the "ways of peace and pleasantness," and when she has gone to her reward in heaven, they will call to their recollection the piety of her example, the wisdom of her counsels, her maternal regard for their welfare, expressed in a variety of nameless ways in look and gesture, with the liveliest gratitude, and many shall rise up in the last day and "call her blessed."

Let Christian females consider how much they owe to Christianity for the position they occupy in human society. Paganism treated them as slaves, or as beasts of burden, nor has Mohammedanism exalted them much higher in the scale of creation. And though Christianity does not free them from subjection to their husbands, nor permit them to enter the halls of legislation, nor occupy the bench of the judge, much less to engage in military exploits, yet it exalts her to her true dignity in the ranks of human society, gives her a position of commanding influence over the immortal destinies of others, which, if she wisely exerts, will insure her an everlasting reward.

With these high and commanding motives presented to her, what labor is too great for her to perform—what sacrifice is too costly for her to make—what suffering is too severe for her to endure—what patience in trials, what perseverance in the midst of difficulties, will she not submit to, that she may occupy her station with suitable dignity, and exert her talents for the good of mankind! That pious mother, who is now watching over her babe in the cradle, does not know but that he may become like Samuel the prophet, or Timothy the evangelist. She, therefore, may become like Hannah, or like Eunice, the mother of a prophet, or an evangelist, or if not so highly honored as this, she may, at least, be the mother of a soul trained up for immortality or eternal life.

There is, indeed, a softness and a tenderness about the heart of a pious mother which show themselves

in words and actions, and produce a peculiar effect upon the hearts of children—an effect so deep and abiding, that it is difficult ever to erase it.

I submit these considerations to the readers of the *Ladies' Repository*, with the humble hope that they may have a salutary effect upon all its readers, and more especially, the female portion of them.

RAINY DAYS.

—
NUMBER III.
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BY G. F. DISBOWAY, A. M.

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THE ATHENIANS.

MR. EDITOR, we have another stormy day of rain, sleet, and snow, and as humid as those which sometimes overclouded the vale of Tempe, or mantled in whiteness the summits of Olympus, Parnassus, and Helicon, classic regions of which we are discoursing.

Writers, generally, have heaped encomiums upon the patriotism and bravery of the Grecians, hence we shall not direct our inquiries to these illustrious and distinguished traits. Our object is rather to examine the character, manners, and genius of the Athenians. Instead of entering into their scenes of political discord and fields of bloody conflict, we prefer to travel the pleasant and quiet roads that reach the gardens of the philosophers, or wind around Mt. Hymettus, and thus visit the Grecians amidst their civil occupations.

Sparta has been described. Our next theme will be the Athenians, who demand most of our study and praise from the perfection to which they attained in the arts, sciences, and knowledge. While the polite and elegant studies were entirely neglected in Sparta, and some other cantons of ancient Greece, they advanced among the Athenians with unparalleled success. The children of Athens commenced their education under the *Pedotribes*, or masters of exercise in the gymnasium. When these healthful and elementary pursuits had been finished, they advanced successively to the charge of the grammarians, critics, geometricians, and military professors. Having accomplished all these studies, they entered the rural schools of the philosophers in the gardens of the academy, or the lyceum. Some students spent their lives in these retired abodes of learning; and, dying, were buried beneath the shade of the very trees where they had so often meditated.

Homer's poems, a work often difficult to students in our day, was the first Greek book placed in the hands of the Athenian children. It must have been a strange tale for their infant minds to hear Jupiter, their chief divinity, always addressing Juno, his wife, with injurious language. The Queen of heaven, however, seldom failed to pay him back with interest. Patroclus was slain by Hector, when we find Thetis, the goddess of the ocean, protecting his body

from the hungry flies. Such improper and marvelous things were imparted to children at the early age of seven years. Well might the philosophers find fault with the manner in which the grammarians taught the writings of Homer and impressed his fables and errors on the tender minds of infants. "Nothing," says Plato, "is more insupportable than those foolish popular opinions. What," he continues, "can be imagined more absurd, than the two casks from which the father of the gods is supposed to draw indiscriminately the essence of good or evil, in order to sprinkle man."*

GARDENS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

These abodes of the philosophers were among the most interesting spots about Athens, and extending from the banks of the Illisus to the Cephissus, occupied a mile square. The centre was inhabited by the disciples of Epicurus, and the other sections belonged to those of Aristotle and Plato. An alley of olives, or a row of myrtles served as the peaceful boundaries in this empire of thought and instruction. When the scholars became so numerous as not to be accommodated within the dwellings of the garden, little huts were built for their use. These were poor, wooden cabins covered with straw, but anxious to obtain what they esteemed wisdom, the young philosophers lodged in them to their satisfaction. This mode of life was healthful, moral, and economical; and a very small sum enabled the youth of Athens to attend the lectures of the learned, delivered under the shades of bowers, whilst their dormitory was a shed of straw. How striking the difference between these plain and humble abodes, and those spacious, splendid, and expensive edifices at Oxford or Cambridge! Speaking of these English Universities, an old writer thus discourses, "I had rather make my child a cobbler than a preacher—a tankard-bearer than a scholar," so much did he fear their abuses and extravagance.

Next to the capital, the region of the philosophers formed the most considerable and important part of the whole country. According to Thucydides, it could furnish three thousand armed citizens, which was nearly one-fourth of the entire republic. Most of the busts of the ancient philosophers are imaginary, still we may gather from Greek authors sufficient to denote what were the appearance and gait of these extraordinary characters. They were generally remarkable for their paleness of countenance presenting a striking contrast with the dark shade of their beards and hair. But little subject to sickness, they attained a great age, often living an entire century, and the fire of genius burning brightly within them. Theophrastus wrote two hundred treatises, and began his *Characters* in his ninety-ninth year. He died at the age of one hundred and seven, lamenting the shortness of time, and regretting that

* Of the Republic, Dial. 11.

nature had granted longevity to the crow and to the stag, but not to man!

When Plato gave suppers, he gathered some fruits from his own garden; and Taurus often dined on a few cucumbers, yet he was more his own master than the emperor of Persia with all his luxury and riches. In common with the Athenians, the philosophers owned many slaves; and long lists of their servants' names may still be found in the last wills of Plato and Aristotle. Some of these public teachers were bold in their denunciations against the corruption of morals. Crates knocked at every door, and assuming the right of judging domestic disputes, he endeavored to maintain the peace of families. Surely, he deserved to dine at the public table. None were more daring than the Cynics. As they had nothing to loose, they ventured to rebuke tyrants and dangerous men. It was truly a bold journey, which they took to the Roman capitol, for the purpose of upbraiding the bloody Nero and Domitian with their many crimes. If such enterprises proved fatal, they were regarded as martyrs to the cause of truth. To maintain his integrity, Socrates, the greatest character in heathen antiquity, drank the hemlock with composure, and whilst teaching his pupils the immortality of the soul. The doctrines of these Grecian philosophers I leave to abler pens, and I rejoice to hear it announced, Mr. Editor, that you are devoting your investigations to this field of deep and interesting inquiry. Plato says that a course of morals might be learned alone from collecting the verses inscribed upon the square stones erected along the roads, and in the villages of Attica. These were called *Hermæ*, and contained, in his opinion, the elements of philosophy and wisdom. Often was the Athenian dissuaded from some improper object or action, by a moral sentence he had read on his way, and inculcated by these silent monitors.

COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Never did any nation exhibit such a number of judges, tribunals, magistrates, as the Grecian. Demosthenes asserts that their orators amounted to ten thousand before his time; afterward, they were still more numerous. The politicians of antiquity thought that the influence of orators was the greatest defect in the Athenian government. They compared their language sometimes to the enchanting song of the syrens, and then it resembled the noise of thunder. To make laws, plead causes, judge suits, and to exercise the duties of magistracy, were four objects almost instinctive in the Athenians.

Every citizen had a right to speak in the public assembly, and to judge upon oath in the courts;* all the tribunals, possessing the power of condemning a citizen to infamy, exile, or death, always consisted of many persons; no less than fifteen hundred judges were assembled when Demosthenes was arraigned

for being corrupted by the money of Harpalus. In this blessed day of Christianity, there is more security for life, property, and honor, in the verdict of twelve judicious men, than there existed in all the courts of refined Greece. When generals or admirals were accused of neglect, not less than six thousand citizens were required to pronounce a legal sentence. It was the same with Ostracism.

Impiety was a common crime among the Athenians, and there was only one tribunal where those accused of the offense could be tried. This was that of an Archon, or magistrate, who also presided as king of sacrifices and sovereign pontiff of the republic. Is it not strange that so many writers ascribe the condemnation of Socrates to the Areopagus, when Plato himself informs us, that the philosopher was condemned by this court? He also writes in favor of such a tribunal for his republic, and says, "All must unite in public adoration of the planets, and even the smallest supposition, that these bright orbs are not divinities, ought to be considered and punished as blasphemy."*

Never did that illustrious philosopher appear so inconsistent, as when thus arguing to interfere by law with the rights of conscience and religion. Freedom in these holy privileges are the corner-stones of all well regulated and independent states. No earthly tribunals can regulate religious opinion.

Among the Athenians, capital punishment might be commuted into pecuniary fines. Before judgment was pronounced, the criminal was asked, what sum he had to offer for his redemption from the pains of death. Socrates was thus interrogated, but the ransom being refused, he took the fatal draught. Plutarch affirms that the convicts at Athens were compelled to pay twelve drachma for the bowl of hemlock with which they perished. This plant was peculiar to the shady valleys of Dicæa, a very active poison, producing death without much pain, or any convulsion, and probably owing to its mixture with a portion of opium.

The Areopagus was the sovereign court, and took cognizance of murder and other capital offenses. Guided by motives which are now difficult to be explained, Solon invested this venerable body with a power for the general inspection of the state, and preservation of its laws. Much that has been related about the dark and mysterious proceedings of the Areopagus, originated likely from the impossibility of ascertaining the votes of its judges. These were always given in secret, both from motives of personal security, and favor of the accused. They made their decision by black and white stones, depositing the latter into an urn of brass, called the *urn of mercy*, while the former were put into a wooden urn, named the *urn of death*. When the number was equal, the crier cast a white stone into the urn

* Plutarch.

* On the Republic, lib. x.

of mercy, which was termed the *stone of Minerva*. This mode of deciding the most solemn causes was wrong in principle, as truth requires that nothing should be concealed where criminal judgments are concerned. Both at Athens and Rome, no judgment could be passed while the sun was under the horizon, which fact corrects the common error that the sentences of the Areopagus were pronounced only by night.

To the numerous courts of the Athenians, may be traced one of the chief sources that corrupted their national character, and disorganized their social system. A love of litigation led to calumny and intrigue; and an immoderate desire to exercise judicial powers found constant encouragement in the disputes of their citizens and allies.*

The sycophants, too, exercised a very injurious influence on the administration of justice. In Athens her best citizens, the most patriotic and virtuous, were often sacrificed by the most depraved and abandoned. *Ostracism* was a barbarous institution, capable of the grossest abuses, and, by its cruel operation, any citizen, though unimpeached of *any crime*, could be banished from the republic for ten years. The prosecution for impiety also afforded ample room to exercise injustice. Thus the death of Socrates was a judicial murder. After he drank the poison, the Athenians felt the bitterest remorse for their conduct. The *palæsteos* and *gymnasia* were all closed, several of his accusers expelled the state, and Melitus was put to death!

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

BY DURANT WATERMAN, A. M.

Written in the near prospect of death. Its author has since gone to the realms above.—EDITOR

O, how I long to flee away,
And calm the troubles of this breast;
To live in everlasting day,
And be at rest.

Joyous I'd leave this world below,
And quickly join those songs of love
That angel hosts are singing now
In courts above.

There, in that land of pure delight,
No dark nor howling storms arise;
No winter cloud, no dreary night
Shall dark our eyes.

No more we'll shed the parting tear,
No more we'll bid our friends adieu;
For sorrow ne'er can enter there:
There all is joy.

* Xenophon de Repub.

SHORT SERMONS FROM THE POETS.

NUMBER I.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

BRYANT.

ALTHOUGH in the present utilitarian age, poets and poetry are commonly decried, still the vocation is a high and holy one, and the poet, instead of being looked upon with contempt and pity, should be regarded as one to whom his Maker has intrusted the most precious and ennobling of all his gifts—gifts which, if directed aright, may result in promoting, to an incalculable extent, the best interests of man, and the glory of that God by whom the glorious boon was bestowed.

Believe it not, then, that all incitement to holy living, and the practice of virtue, must be communicated in dull prosaic style, but rather believe, that aspirations the noblest, aims the loftiest, hopes the brightest, and resolutions worthy of the most philosophic reflection and sagest experience, may be awakened and cherished by the poet's verse. Many of God's great ones have been gifted with this noble faculty, and he has often employed the masters of the lyre to communicate his will to mortals; and never were purer, or more soul-elevating truths made known than when David and Isaiah, catching their inspiration from on high, swept its strings, and joined their glad voices to its deathless numbers.

Shall we, then, despise instruction, because it is embodied in song; and cast away the pearl of truth, because we like not the casket in which it is found? Shall we not rather receive these teachings reverently, and rejoice that the precepts of wisdom have found costly enclosings, that they may be better appreciated, and longer cherished by being wedded to immortal verse.

The poet of the present day, although the coal of Divine inspiration has never touched his lips, is still a teacher—one deeply read in the mysterious pages of the human heart, and far more worthy of attention than many, who, by their fine-spun theories in the veriest prose, have won from the throng, who praise what they understand not, the name of favored sons of star-eyed science.

It is not those who build beautiful, but often baseless, theories, and delight in abstruse speculations, who are best fitted to become the teachers of mankind; many such, when in the pursuit of their

favorite phantoms, have been ready to cry "Eureka," and their toils have ended by involving themselves and their followers in the deepest and bitterest disappointment. But he who reads man and nature with a careful, observant eye—who loves all that is beautiful in the outer world—who looks within and notes all the passions and feelings which sway the breast of his fellow, he, of all others, is best suited for a guide and instructor: such is the true poet: hear then his teaching.

Live, frail mortal, with an eye to the future; thou art but one of a mighty host, that with unflagging footsteps ever marches on to the grave. Myriads have already gone on in their might, until, wearied with life's toils, they have sunk to dreamless and untroubled sleep; the darkness of the grave is but the night which follows life's short and troublous day; there is room for all in the bosom of this wide green-carpeted earth, and, willingly or unwillingly, we must all seek the rest to which she invites. Though the night of the grave be dark—though we may quail as its shades draw nigh, yet, be it a word of hope or fear, know that to all who sleep there will be a time of waking. Hast thou performed well thy part on earth? Have the sorrows of thy kind been made thy own? Like an orb of genial beam hast thou filled up the sphere in which thou hast been placed, and thrown around thy path the light of peace and love? Hast thou been the lover of thy God, and the benefactor of thy kind, and while thy feet have pressed the earth, has thy gaze been fixed on the skies? If so, the darkness of the tomb need not appall thee; thou mayest tread on the verge of the grave with an unflinching step; the hour of waking will bring to thee no terror; for thou shalt stand unabashed in the presence of thy Judge, and enter on a ceaseless day of pure, unclouded bliss. But if, on the other hand, thou hast been dark passion's slave—if the flower-strewn mazes of earthly pleasure and senseless folly have been sought in preference to the ways of wisdom—if thine ear has ever been open to the voice of the tempter, and the claims of thy selfish nature, and deaf to the call of God and the cry of suffering humanity—if pride and hatred have usurped the seats of humility and love, thou mayest well tremble; for thy darkest forebodings will only prove the faint foreshadowing of the dread and solemn realities which await thy waking from the sleep of the grave; thou shalt lie down in doubt, and thy uprising shall be in dread, and fearful consternation; the bitter memories of the murdered past, like vultures, shall prey upon thy heart, while the glories of those who laid down in trust, shall mock thee with their approachless splendor.

Care well, then, for the present; for on its employment hangs thy future destiny, and moments well spent here, will reap a harvest of countless ages. Let, then, thy every word bear the impress of devotion to the right, and let every act prove the

purity of thy motives, and the sincerity of thy heart. Doubt and despair will then never embitter thy closing moments, and in the morning of an endless life, thou shalt awake in hope and trust.

MRS. JUDSON.

BY MRS. RUMINA A. PARKER.

I HAVE just finished the perusal of the Life of Mrs. Judson, first female missionary to Burmah, and have found it exceedingly interesting. Indeed, I do not remember of ever becoming so perfectly absorbed in any work, as in the memoir of this illustrious woman; and certainly I have never had a deeper sense of my own lack in spiritual attainments, and my nothingness, in point of usefulness, than while reflecting upon her heroic and self-denying efforts, to scatter blessings along the pathway of her fellow-creatures, and diffuse light and knowledge amid the darkness of ignorance and superstition.

At the age of fifteen and sixteen, I behold her mingling with the gay and thoughtless in the crowded saloon, and dazzling light of the ball-room, surrounded with luxury, and basking in the smiles of admiration, and listening to the voice of worldly praise—so far surpassing her youthful friends, in gayety and mirth, that many prophesied she would suddenly be cut off in her career of folly.

A few short years, and what a change is wrought in the heart and deportment of that once wild and volatile young girl! There she stands, in all the beauty of ripening womanhood, upon the deck of a noble ship, bound for the far-off land of heathenish Burmah. And for what purpose goes she thither? *To carry the glad tidings of salvation to dying men.* O, how different from what she once was does she now appear! How changed her feelings—how *strikingly* changed her whole demeanor! Friends, warm-hearted and loving friends, parents, brothers, and sisters, are gathered around, to bid farewell to her whom they expect to see no more on earth. A few tears fall, and her bosom swells with pain, that she must never more mingle with those friends of early years, never again stand upon her native and much loved soil, but, instead of the sweets of friendly intercourse and childhood's endearing scenes, she must stand forth, a stranger in a strange land, amid a people devoid of natural affection, ignorant, and barbarous beyond conception, bowing down to stocks and stones, and the work of their own hands, never having heard of the true God, whom *she* has learned to worship, and to whom alone she now looks for guidance and protection; yet, amid these thoughts, so painful to her heart, a look of patient resignation spreads itself over her countenance, and a smile of peace and joy irradiates

her features, as she extends her hand, and says, "Friends, we may meet in heaven." What is it that thus cheers her in this sad, parting hour? Is it only the hope of a reunion in the land of spirits? Ah, no! it is the smile of *Jesus*, who bids her forsake father, mother, brothers, and sisters, for his sake, and go tell the poor benighted heathen of the only propitiation for their sins—the blood of Christ; and she is happy in fulfilling his command. His will is *her* will, and her heart and soul rejoice in the thought of serving Him who died that she might live. She counts her life nothing, if she may but be the instrument, in God's hands, of bringing one soul to Christ, thereby adding one gem to his glorious crown, who brought her from darkness into his marvelous light, having taken her feet out of the miry clay, and established them upon the rock, which cannot be moved—which shall endure for ever.

My mind's eye follows her still farther. Upon a far distant shore, in an uncongenial clime, surrounded by dark faces and cruel hearts, a stranger to the language of the country, herself sick, and the missionaries persecuted and hunted like wild deer, cheerfully and assiduously she applies herself to the study of the Burman language, at the same time that her little, inconvenient home demands much thought and exertion, to render it comfortable; and soon as she has acquired a tolerable knowledge of the dialect, she surrounds herself with heathen children, toiling unremittingly to enlighten their minds, and lead their hearts after the true God, scarcely seeing any signs of fruit from her labors, for several years, and yet she toils on.

At a later period, I see her, still desirous of benefiting the heathen, bidding her husband farewell, and starting on a lonely journey to England, and her native land, America, for the sole purpose of regaining her health, to spend, if possible, a longer time in missionary efforts. What must have been her feelings, to be obliged to leave her husband, without a single friend, among a race of barbarians, and absent herself thousands of miles, with but a faint prospect of ever returning to him again, or of finding him alive, should she return. But she was spared to return with improved health, and, for awhile, to continue the work she so devotedly began. Yes, I see her once more upon missionary ground, laboring for the salvation of immortal souls. Persecutions arise; Mr. Judson, and other missionaries, are thrown into prison; and she, like a ministering angel, lingers about the prison walls, seeking relief for the prisoners, sometimes gaining admittance, sometimes turned harshly away, yet never despairing in her efforts till they are released.

After this but a short time elapses, until Mrs. Judson falls asleep in Jesus—a loss to the mission, but gain to her. Yes, her spirit is now happy in the presence of her God, while her body is peacefully sleeping beneath the shade of the Hopia tree, in the

land to which her heart was wedded, as being the place her Savior appointed for her labors.

O God, let the example of this devoted Christian ever remain before my eyes! Help me to imitate her in ardor, firmness, and perseverance; and, though I may not be called to sacrifice the pleasurable endearments of my native land, yet thou hast given me a work to do, and I pray thee, give me grace to perform that work to thy glory.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

A CONTRAST.

BY MARIA J. AGARD.

I KNEW two young and promising students, who had named the name of Christ in sister Churches. Both had been reared in the cottage of want, yet both loved the halls of science, and were preparing for the same profession.

Edwin finished his preparatory studies, entered on the practice of his profession, and settled in a favorable position on the bank of the beautiful Susquehannah. Abundant business promised a life of success and usefulness. He was eager for distinction, and was determined to arrive at eminence in his profession, or in the literary world; he scarcely cared *how* or *where*, so that his eminence were but acknowledged. He was determined so to live that the world should *know* he *had lived*—so to bear his name that the world should *know* he *bore* it. But he lacked fixedness of purpose. An indiscretion in his pastor, though it concerned not himself, caused him to withdraw his name from among those who love the watchcare of the Church. Naturally of buoyant spirits, this step was fraught with danger. *Meaning* to do right, but lacking the requisite stability, the restraints of the Church were precisely what he needed. But the step was taken, and what were its sad results?

The world's loose maxims gradually corroded, and dissolved the cords of rigid principle that bound him. Firm in his own strength, he neither feared nor suspected any insinuating principle, how much soever it might tend to sully the purity of man's moral nature, or depress the truly elevated standard of virtue and piety. Credulous, he attached himself to every new doctrine, and with vehemence became its advocate. Phrenology, Mesmerism, and infidelity, each in its turn caught his attention, and assisted in dimming the unchanging lines which must ever form the boundary between truth and error. All that is wild and erroneous, or opposed to revelation, in the opinions of modern, speculating geologists, pleased his fancy, and seemed to him sound philosophy.

Thus passed a few years of his professional life, and strangely enough, his name appeared not yet among the great ones of the earth. Disease laid her

withering, blighting hand upon him. Another year passed—a year of physical sinking and prostration—of mental darkness—of moral uncertainty and gloom. Deceitful, rosy-cheeked consumption whispered he would yet recover, and one day take his true station in society—in the nation. But when death was mentioned in his hearing, with almost anger he would scout the idea that he must die; he was young, his disease was not wan consumption; indeed, he had no disease, he should soon be rid of this ailment, and again move among the vigorous and gay; he would neither hear nor talk of death. Could he, therefore, avoid thinking of it? But it came, though hope tenanted his bosom to the last, and a division in the opinion of his physicians relative to the state of the lungs gave aliment to this hope. But the last hour came; hope failed, philosophy was gone, religion was not there, the valley was dark, but he entered it—whither did it lead?

Uriah, too, was anxious to finish what most consider the drudgery of an education, although to him nothing was drudgery that had for its object future usefulness or good. All his schemes—and they were few—demanded time and perseverance for their accomplishment. Patient and energetic, he looked far into the distant future, studied the nature and consequences of his plan, reasoned from cause to effect, and always succeeded in such pursuits as require superior prudence and untiring perseverance. Meek and gentle almost to effeminacy, yet firm almost to sternness; reserved almost to timidity, yet courageous almost to boldness in the vindication of truth and opposition to error, his was a lovely character.

To assist his limited means, he resorted to teaching, but not for so selfish a motive alone. He loved to do good—to see the youthful intellect expanding and ripening into maturity. So far as his fellow-creatures were concerned, his one absorbing wish was to be useful; as regarded himself, to be fitted for heaven and glorify God. To his scholars, he was mild but faithful, regarding their moral as well as their intellectual culture. In the hands of Uriah, the morals of childhood were safe. As teacher of a district school, he was thrown into all classes of society, but that house was his most delightful home where the family altar was erected, and God worshiped in spirit and in truth. He appreciated the beauty and worth of the beatitude to the pure in heart; for in his heart were that beauty and beatitude realized. Like a crystal cup of limpid water, through which the clear sunbeam moves unarrested, his heart, pure in its transparency, transmitted the rays shed upon it by the Sun of righteousness, undimmed by its preoccupation. Like that cup, too, into which you pour a quantity of foul sand which instantly settles to the bottom, and leaves the clear fluid in its purity unclouded, his heart, when any malignant influence was introduced, rose instantly above the sullying sediment. As the schoolboy's ball is repulsed

immediately from the firm wall against which it is thrown, so his heart rejected every palpable or uncongenial emotion.

In the Sabbath school was Uriah chiefly useful and beloved. There he sought out poor, untaught children, gave them wholesome instruction, and affectionately pointed their feet to the Rock of salvation. It was in Sabbath school that a little girl read aloud the words of 1 Thess. iv, 17. As she finished, Uriah requested her to proceed to the following verse, and as she closed with "so shall we be ever with the Lord," he raised his eyes with a sweet smile to heaven and continued, "Yes, that is the best of all, to 'be ever with the Lord.'" This was his last Sabbath in his school; he was ripening for heaven.

A few days after, he was taken suddenly ill of a malignant disease, and one week finished his earthly career. But he was all submission to the will of God. Willing to live, he yet deemed it far better to depart and be with Christ. To him the future was bright and joyous. It was no "leap in the dark;" for he knew in whom he had believed, and he calmly went to his rest,

"Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Such were the two, with equal religious privileges. Which example shall we emulate? The one trusted in his own strength; the other felt as nothing in the sight of his Maker, but in Christ he was mighty. The one held that man is not accountable for his belief, for over it he has no control; the other deemed himself responsible for his opinions—for the use of every power, and that depraved sentiments must lead to depraved conduct. The one would live for his own aggrandizement; the other to improve the condition of mankind. The motive to action with the one was, "What will the world say?" with the other, the purer—more holy motive, *right*.

No character is so lovely—none so desirable—none so truly and finally blessed as the meek, pure-hearted Christian. No circumstance—no condition is more favorable to the "beauty of holiness" than its contrast with impiety. The loveliness of the Christian character is greatly enhanced by its strong dissimilarity, yet near contact to the unprincipled. May we not profit by the contrast?

DISCONTENT.

BY ARABELLA.

No words, it seems to me, Mr. Editor, more concisely express that discontent natural to all men, than the following line by Goethe:

"O'er the rocks we climb,
Erring, stumbling all the time,
Till we come out on the plain;
But there it feels too wide and broad,
And soon we seek the narrow road,
And the mountain path again."

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE CURSE.

BY PHILANDER.

LONG years ago, in the infancy of time, when man was joyous in the garden of Eden, he put forth his hand in rebellion against the command of God, and became a transgressor. The curse fell upon him, and all nature came under the ban of the same edict. "Cursed be the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all thy days," and in the wake of this malediction has followed all our woe.

Instead of gathering the healthful fruit to satisfy our desire for food, we seek from earth, fruitful of poisonous plant and herb generative of death, the means to satiate our appetite. With many a hard and weary stroke, we toil on and on ceaselessly; whilst another consequence of the curse cripples our efforts, disease, slow-wasting, destroys our frames; we, armed or unarmed, contest the field with fearful odds. And if, perchance, we store away enough to satisfy our want, and bring around the cheering scenes of earth and heaps of gold, what gain have we? Is the body all? When the lily fair, untitled, outshines the gaudy show and tinselry which contriving man can form, why need we decorate and idolize this mass of clay. Ay, if the body were all, the curse, though heavy, would be lightly borne, but the mind, through which alone the body suffers—the mind is the receptacle of the darkest shade—the bitterest woe—the deepest pang. The mind! what a rush of thought comes crowding up as we contemplate the severity of mental suffering!

Have you never seen the cherished anticipation blasted? When the cup of pleasure, sparkling and full, was within your grasp, has it never vanished away? When the cordial of consolation was at your lip, and you reached forth to sip and laugh, have you not tasted bitter waters instead, and wept till weeping seemed vain, and joy had fled away? When friends have clustered around you, and the tendrils of your heart have twined about them—they have become part of your very being—so firm the tie by which you are bound—have you not followed those friends to their resting-place, where marble coverings give brief history of each dweller there?

After three score and ten years, you could say, Go thou; thy time has come; thou hast tasted of the mingled cup for many days; but that is not all—that is not all; the opening flower, the rose-bud ere it unfolds, the lovely, the very image of purity and gentleness, dearest to your heart, why must it cease to live when life has just begun? O, this is of the curse. It is a touching scene. The mother yields up her strength for very agony; the father, with tearful eye, half consoling with gentle words and half increasing, by that look of sadness, the stifled groan her heart would heave, and seeks yet to restrain. O, hath earth a sorrow more painful—a pang

more poignant? Yet 'tis beautiful thus to restore the gentle and the sinless back to God, whose law pronounced the curse, but in the most touching and expressive words, through his Son, has said, "There shall be no more curse."

Is it true that man may be freed from the curse that was pronounced upon him? Is there a city of refuge to which he may flee and escape the just retribution which the avenger would speedily visit upon his guilty head? Where is the place? tell us; we would seek it. Is it the elysian fields of Homer's song, some fairy land of fiction, the creation of a poet's fancy, a painter's pencilings, or is it a reality? Will the balmy atmosphere and the genial rays of the sun dispel the deadly simoom—absorb the infectious damps—purify the vital air from poisonous vapors and febrile miasma so fatal? Who inhabit this region, "chosen of God and precious?" Who drink of its cool founts, and eat of its life-preserving fruits? In what clime, or how situated, we know not, "but eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man," to conceive the glories of that far off country.

How would you go thither? With mortality, clinging to its defects and imperfections? Why, there shall be no more curse. Take disease and pain, sorrow, and gloom, and death there! Are they not THE curse?

Afflictions have gathered around me, and the hand of the destroyer has seized my frame: though the common lot of humanity, yet I feel as I never felt when an iron constitution was my glory, and as I would have others feel, though they may not now. *I realize that I live by the power and on the will of God. That is a glorious consolation—live by the power of God!* Amidst these, I have seen death claim the innocent victim as his spoil, and although affections were sundered—bright anticipations blighted, yet the thought, like the gentle distillations of the morning dew, descended into my soul, there shall be no curse.

Gentle reader, apply this promise to thy heart as a balm to console when afflicted: if the cares of earth press heavily—if the world and men reproach, let these words be heard, and joy will spring up from the deep fountains of the soul, which will cheer, and happify, and bless.

LORD BACON.

BACON has been as severely censured as extravagantly praised. By many he is regarded as the father of all true philosophy; by others he is rated as a reformer, rather than as an author, or founder. An English historian says, that "the fullest-blown fop was at the head of the English law, the restorer of philosophy, the greatest wit, scholar, and scoundrel of his age;" and Pope pronounces him the "greatest and meanest of mankind."

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PROGRESS OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

THE great law of the human mind is expansion. Expansion, growth, advancement, is the characteristic fact of the human race. Both philosophy and history establish the truth of these assertions. Reason teaches us to anticipate, and experience confirms the conviction, that man is destined to unlimited and endless improvement; that, as an individual, he is incessantly, perhaps insensibly, progressing; and that, as a race, he is gradually approaching that goal of social perfection—for there is a sense in which this term is applicable to the mass—which marks the anterior boundary of that higher life, to which humanity looks forward with buoyant hope, and which sheds its light upon the dull or painful realities of each passing hour.

We have reason to trust that this doctrine of individual perfectibility, when properly limited and defined, commends itself to the most judicious and enlightened readers. We all have a personal interest in it. How gloomy is the future, if man is not advancing! How bright, how glorious, if the world is continually progressing! In the estimation of many of the strongest minds of the age, the doctrine is stamped with the impress of reason; nor can it be denied, that it is the most constant topic of inspiration. Indeed, it is the key, the nucleus, the radiating point, of Scripture. That man is to be wonderfully elevated, by the influence of truth acting on his threefold nature, is the burden of the old dispensation, and the glory of the new. It is by revelation, indeed, that we have acquired a knowledge of this fact; and, therefore, it is worthy of the utmost confidence. It is a doctrine of great practical influence. It possesses and should exercise unlimited power on the employment of our mental and physical faculties. It is the object of our hopes, the image of our destiny. Faith should lend us the magic of its sway, and push us onward to the prize.

Let this destiny, reader, stand fresh before you in every situation of life. It should visit you in the night season. It should follow you into the secular occupations of the world. It should meet you in your retirements, and form the subject of your profoundest and holiest meditations. It is the inviting angel that precedes you in your course; that incites you to the noblest of your undertakings; that will continually point you to the object of your purest and highest aspirations.

How satisfactory, how captivating is the fact, that, amidst all the changes and turmoil of the world, society has never suffered a retrogression! Onward, upward, onward! In the darkest periods, when truth and virtue did appear to sleep, when science had dropped its telescope and philosophy her torch, when the world would seem to have been standing still, the inscrutable wisdom of divine Providence was preparing new agents, and evolving more powerful principles, to co-operate in the work of individual and social improvement. It would appear as if the world, like the year, has its seasons; and that the seed disseminated in spring, must first die, before it can vegetate and produce the rich harvests of autumn. History has marked out such cycles; and we are disheartened by the necessary and successive periods of darkness, because the revolution is so vast, or our own position so humble, that we

cannot look beyond the shade which surrounds us, and behold the distant and gradual approaches of another day.

The great agents in the work of individual civilization are science, philosophy, and religion; and the constant and wonderful growth of these agents is a clear indication of the intellectual and moral progress of the world.

The function of science, properly defined, is to acquaint us with the distinct objects and existences, material and immaterial, by which we are surrounded. Its theatre is the universe. Its objects are innumerable, if not infinite. Mind and matter, substance and quality, things visible and invisible, temporal and eternal, are embraced within the compass of its mighty attempts.

Philosophy, on the other hand, transcends the region of isolated facts and abstract existences, and essays to demonstrate the multiplied relations, connections, and dependencies which this infinite variety of objects mutually sustain. It places man in the centre of the natural world, and exhibits the manner in which all beings bear a necessary relation to him. To all purposes of simple philosophy, he is regarded as the chief existence. His mind is the focus to which all the properties of spirit and matter, and all the truths of reason and revelation, converge. It is the radiating centre, from which their blended light is subsequently diffused. It is from the human mind that all truths receive their peculiar character and complexions. It is the relations of man to all other existences, material, animal, and spiritual, from which are deduced those unalterable and eternal principles, which constitute the ground-work of all philosophy, natural, political, and moral.

Religion covers a broader field than is occupied by either of the other agents in civilization. It is both science and philosophy. It teaches us facts inaccessible to reason, whose magnitude and importance are quite inconceivable—facts, the influence of which extends "from everlasting to everlasting." It discovers the origin, the history, and the conclusion of all things. It rolls up the curtain of individual and social life, and displays the infinite drama of existence in all the variety of its acts and scenes, with all the perfection of coincident characters and parts, attended by the powerful influence which can be exerted by the respective merits of truth and nature, reason and revelation, combined. It institutes relations the most sublime in their nature, and draws comparisons the most overwhelming in their tendency. The sanction it extends to duty is as broad as eternity. The motives it imparts to the noble and untiring exertion, in the acquisition of truth and the practice of the highest virtues, are as mighty as reason, as enduring as immortality, as inviting as heaven, as sublime, as terrible, as the wages of crime, or as the shadows of the grave.

The history of science is a continual record of intellectual triumphs. Yet, there are sober and otherwise judicious men, who are disposed to doubt the correctness of its annals, and still more the justice of what they denominate its flattering conclusions. They point you to Egypt, intersected by canals, heightened to superior beauty by the charms of agriculture, and crowned with the most magnificent temples and monuments. They conduct you to the pages of classical history, or to the scenes of the modern panorama, and exhibit the splendor of former cities; or to the studio of the ancient artist, and surround you with the speaking canvas and

the breathing marble. The Roman empire, in the days of its highest splendor, is portrayed before you. The antiquity of Indian inventions, or the discoveries of subtil Arabia, are discoursed upon in your presence with apparent triumph. You are told, that all that now astonishes is but the revival of former experience; and that the world is living over again its ancient greatness. The philosophers of Greece are summoned from their graves to testify to the unrivaled glory of a former civilization. Whence came our knowledge, it is asked, of the natural sciences, but from Abou-Ryan-al-Byrouny, who spent forty years in the study of mineralogy, and from another hard name in the Arabic dialect, who traversed the plains and forests of all Europe to furnish Linnæus with a complete though indigested system of sexual botany. The gardens, groves, vineyards, and delightful rural villages of Grenada, under the plastic civilization of its Moorish conquerors, are instantly cited to rival the highest specimens of English cultivation. Paper, gunpowder, the compass, and numerals, with many other inventions and discoveries, are all industriously traced to an early age. Science, it is said, like the sun, rises in the east and travels westward, shedding its light upon the successive nations which lie under its course, and is probably destined to set out again from the same point, again and again to pursue the same journey.

This is without doubt a delightful picture of the past, and is admirably adapted to please the fanciful notions of the antiquary; but it will not satisfy the demands of fact and of history. To demonstrate the remarkable progress which science has made since the ages to which we have alluded, we have only to study the authors who were cotemporaneous with those civilizations, which form the boast of this antiquarian spirit, and then go into the modern world and make the comparison. Let the agriculturist peruse the poetic description, which the Roman Georgic contains of the implements of husbandry, and testify if he does not go to his steel spade and patent plough with an improved relish. Let the mechanic take up the poems of Homer, (and there are many who can read them in the original,) and follow the immortal father of the epic muse through his labored panegyrics of Trojan art; and, after he has caught all the enthusiasm he can from viewing Andromache plying a hand-loom, or Diomed riding into battle on a clumsy though classical vehicle, let him enter one of our modern factories, and hear the hum of a million spindles, and the clash of a thousand shuttles; or into a modern depot, and behold a train set out with the velocity of the wind, and vanish in the distance before he has time to express his astonishment! Let the seaman look back, through the pages of Livy or Virgil, to those times, when a few perilous yachts, or lumbering, heavy oared galleys, creeping dastardly along the shore, were the only navy of the most famous people of all antiquity; and with what pride he will set his foot upon the deck of one of our majestic ships of the line, or enroll his name among the bold adventurers of our thundering steam vessels,

"Whose path is on the mountain wave—
Whose home is on the deep."

How heartily does the geographer laugh at the discoveries of *Aeneas* and the periplus of *Hanno*! What astonishment would a Roman circus or Grecian amphitheatre express, to witness an American philosopher disarming the tempest of its power, and weaving a

peaceful garland with wreaths of lightning when the heavens are on fire! Or who would compare the ancient mode of transmitting news by footmen, horsemen, or the swift-oared ship, to the lines of the telegraph, whose feats are the astonishment of modern times! In a word, that science has undergone many revolutions, and been lost in one country to reappear in another, is no less true, than that, at each successive development, it has possessed some new element, and shone forth with unprecedented splendor.

The same observation is true of philosophy and religion. Who can doubt that the philosophy of Greece was an improvement on the *symbolism* of Egypt, the *sabæism* of Chaldea, and the *demiurgic* system of the Persian magi? Can it be controverted that philosophy, in the hands of its modern cultivators, is more real, more pure and rational, than with the philosophers of Athens and of Rome? Nor can it be a question, that the path of investigation which our renowned thinkers have contributed to open, is conducting us to greater, clearer, nobler results, than any former people or age has achieved. Facts are now the basis of philosophy. The imagination, which so long took the lead in this department of human investigation, has at length found her true place in giving laws to the fictions of romance and in tempering the inspirations of fancy. Analysis and synthesis, for ages separated, have at last formed a happy and promising alliance; induction is taking the place of speculation; and Reason is occupying the throne which Fancy has at length vacated to her rival.

It is impossible to affirm whether it will be so readily conceded that religion has also shared in this general improvement. But if we will divest ourselves of the vulgar prejudices, respecting the primeval purity of religion, which history does not sanction, we shall unanimously acknowledge, that, though Christianity is intrinsically the same in all ages, the notions which mankind have entertained of it, and the character and degree of its influence upon the world, have been widely various in different periods of its existence. Its light has certainly been becoming more clear, its sublime doctrines more justly appreciated, and, consequently, its tendencies more rational and irresistible. The visible Church was the reservoir into which poured, through a series of ages, the abject soofeism of the east, the gaudy gnosticism of the south, the splendid but perplexed theistical theories of the west, and ten thousand nameless torrents of bold barbaric speculation from the mighty north. This corruption commenced at an early age; nay, in the very days of the apostles. In several of the canonical epistles, and more emphatically in the Apocalypse, we are furnished with abundant evidence, that a spirit of innovation had, at that early period, diffused barrenness over vast portions of the Christian world. But the Bible remained; and from that rock there still issued a stream, though at first choked and obstructed in its passage, which was continually increasing in magnitude and power. The names of Vigilantius, Huss, Wicliffe, and Luther, are like the graduated columns placed at wide intervals along the bed of the Nile; they mark the progressive elevations of this swelling river of truth, which has at length overflowed its banks, and spread its waters over all lands!

In the progress of these agents of civilization we witness the advancement of civilization itself. The individual is now more intelligent, more wise, more virtuous than in any previous age. But civilization is yet in

its infancy. It is less than three centuries since the true method of human progress was philosophically discovered. Most of the sciences have not passed the season of youth; some of them have just arrived at a conscious existence; others are springing into being. Correct philosophy, though as old as Plato in its method, is, perhaps, in the right application of that method, not older than the Reformation. Religion, as a pure and separate agent, subsequent to the apostolic age, cannot be traced to a much earlier period than that of Vigilantius; nor did it produce any thing worthy of special record, aside from the heroic devotion of its principal patrons, until the voice of the sixteenth century shook the columns of the Papal throne, and gave intellectual and moral liberty to the world.

The work of progress is going forward. The present age is the result of all previous ages. Science, philosophy, religion, are exerting both a separate and a combined influence upon man, which is rapidly realizing the fondest anticipations of the mind; which is undermining the influence of error, diminishing the power of corporations and communities when exercised contrary to the rights and necessities of their component members, and enfranchising, ennobling, and perfecting the character of the individual. Democracy is the characteristic tendency of the age. It is the doctrine of all parties, political, social, and religious. In Europe, as well as in America, the people begin to realize their power. Every man begins to feel conscious that he is an individual. *Individuality* will continue to mark the onward movement of the world, until, in some future age, the blessings of knowledge, liberty, and happiness, will be enjoyed, in nearly equal degrees, by all classes of men. Perhaps the child is soon to live that shall witness the dawn of this glorious period. Who will not invoke, with the Mantuan bard, the speedy presence of that event—

"Incipe parve puer!"

Or with the rapt poet of Twickenham exclaim:

"Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn,
O, spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!"

—
POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

THERE are but few of my readers, if there are any, who have not learned to admire the genius of this American artist, whose fame is now as well established in Europe as in this country. It is impossible for the young to contemplate the success of well-directed effort too often; and nothing should be more frequently revolved in their minds, than this maxim, that what has been done can be repeated, though each aspirant must work in his own calling. One has a taste for speaking, another for writing, and a third for painting, or architecture, or sculpture; but genius, propelled by a strong determination, and guided by judgment and experience, is the means of success in all human undertakings. If I have a young reader, male or female, whose soul is aspiring to some lofty, but as yet scarcely definable achievement, my word of advice is, go on, labor, spare no effort, till the day of conquest shall dawn upon you. I feel it as much my duty, in my responsible post, to encourage others in the way of improvement, as to perform the special duties of my office; and it is for this reason, that I give below, as food for a proper emulation, an article on the abilities of our young countryman, written by the Italian Professor Migliarini, originally published in the *Giornale Arca-*

dico, for the month of October, 1840. It will be observed, however, by the reader, that much of what was mere prophecy with the erudite Professor, has since become history, ratified by the common consent of American and European artists:

"The history of the fine arts," says Migliarini, "expatiating in a region most delightful to the human mind, has constantly awakened more and more of the attention of observers, presenting them a succession of pleasing results, almost entirely free from the sources of painful reflection so frequently encountered in other narrations. The portion which regards the preliminary training, designed to put the pupil on the road, which will conduct him to the desired goal, was early attended to for the direction of studious youth; and among the various suggestions to this end, we find expressions of the admiration excited by some rare geniuses, who have attained celebrity without the guidance of a skillful master. I propose at present to treat this last topic in reference to sculpture exclusively.

"Pliny, upon the authority of Duris, relates of Lysippus, that he became a great master without having been the disciple of any one, although he informs us that Cicero differed on this point. If the passage of Cicero which Pliny had in his mind, is that with which we are all familiar, we must suppose Pliny to have misapprehended its purport. Cicero says that Lysippus recognized the *lance bearer* of Polyclethus as his master. He could not, however, have intended that a single statue of a young man had served him as a guide in the great variety of characters required for his very numerous productions. Neither is there reason to suppose that, in any of his lost works, Cicero expressed a different opinion on the subject of Lysippus from what he has done in this passage, which, as far as it bears on the question whether Lysippus had a master, in the ordinary sense of the word, would rather lead to an inference directly opposite to that which Pliny drew from it.

"It may be advantageous, meantime, to retrace the few traditions which remain to us of Lysippus. In the first place, we know that in his youth he was employed in the establishment of a bronze founder; here we may suppose that he was led by inclination to make a commencement in sculpture. Doubtful, however, as to the choice of a preceptor, he determined to take counsel of a competent and unprejudiced adviser. For this purpose he applied to Eupompus, an aged painter, the master of Pamphilus, who was at that time the teacher of the young Apelles. Eupompus was probably acquainted with the disposition of Lysippus, and when asked by the latter whom he should follow of preceding masters, Eupompus replied by pointing to a group of men who stood near; wishing to teach him that nature herself was to be imitated in her immense variety, and not artists in their peculiar manner. 'He who follows another,' says the great Michael Angelo, 'will never get before him.' It may be considered, therefore, as a principle, that the imitation of any former master, however excellent, is to be avoided, in order that the artist may not become the grand-child, rather than the child, of nature. This rule, however, is not to prevent the young artist from learning of masters how to imitate nature in the best and shortest way, taking advantage of their long experience.

"This principle, at the present day, requires a little further explanation to guard it against the misconceptions

of those who recommend an imitation of nature as it is, without choice or judgment, not to mention that there are some who even extol nature in her defects. But we are not to lose sight of what has been so often mentioned as to the great diversity between the Greeks and ourselves—between their manners and ours; and how much more easy it was with them to procure models than with us; and consequently how much less difficulty attended the imitation of nature's choicest forms. But let us look a little further, and see the sort of imitation of nature which Lysippus practiced. He reached such celebrity, as to be included in the trio that had the exclusive privilege of making the likeness of Alexander the Great. He himself was accustomed to say, 'that his predecessors had represented men as they are, but he had represented them as they ought to be'—a description of his style which has passed without contradiction. We are not to infer from this description of his own manner, that Lysippus was not a diligent student of nature; but that, in his study of nature, he sought the *ideal*—that perfect form of which nature is too avaricious to bestow it, in all its parts, on any one individual. The reader will pardon this digression while I return to my theme.

"It is also narrated of Silanion, that he acquired fame without the guide of a master. To this proposition Falconet subjoins the following judicious observation: 'In order to make this circumstance astonishing, it would be necessary to suppose that Silanion was born and lived in a corner of the earth where he had never seen statues or pictures; but in the centre of Greece, and among the *chef d'œuvres* of art, in the age of Alexander, when he was surrounded by the most famous artists, there is nothing to be surprised at in such a fact.'

"But the example which I am now going to relate, includes the conditions required by Falconet, and may be considered as without a parallel, and therefore worthy of all attention.

"In a remote, and, as far as the fine arts are concerned, uncultivated part of America, inhabited by husbandmen and shepherds, in the village of Woodstock, in Vermont, Mr. Hiram Powers was born, about the year 1805. It happened to him in his youth to be removed to the neighborhood of Cincinnati, in Ohio, then a village, but now a considerable city. By this change of place, he gained little or nothing, in reference to the development of his latent capacity. On the contrary, he soon had the misfortune to be deprived of his father, and left without means of support. Constrained by this disaster to embrace whatever mode of livelihood first offered itself, he engaged in the construction and superintendence of the mechanism of a public exhibition at Cincinnati.

"An inward feeling, however, convinced him, that this was not his destiny: he formed a conception in his mind of something like sculpture, while yet ignorant of the very existence of that art. So strong was this passion, that if he had not afterward found the art in use, he would himself have invented it. The flexible materials on which he made his first experiments, particularly wax, did not give him full satisfaction. He reached the age of seventeen years, in this state of restless desire; when he saw a single bust in plaster, the head of Washington, an ordinary work, which, however, attracted his profound attention.

"After a considerable interval and many struggles, he met, at Cincinnati, with an individual who possessed

some knowledge of the art of sculpture, and modeled in clay the likenesses of one or two public characters. He learned from him the general method, the material adapted to it, and the mode of taking a cast from a model. This was for Powers a most happy discovery, and one that seemed to realize his vision.

"Eagerly to endeavor to imitate the works of this individual; then to make an attempt from life, first with a view to equal and then to surpass what he had seen; finally to succeed in making beautiful likenesses, such certainly as he had witnessed no example of before; all this was so rapidly accomplished, that it is not easy to relate the steps of the progress, so swift was his flight, borne on the pinions of a happy genius.

"If this artist, urged by native inclination, had succeeded in imitating nature servilely, though with exactness, it would not have been matter of great astonishment. But at the very first glance, Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation which should contain, in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual. He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while at the same time he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin; so that he might be called the Denner of sculpture. He spares no pains to make every head preserve, in every the smallest part, that harmonious type—composed at once of unity and variety, which belongs to itself; a special quality of nature which escapes the eye of many. Such a union of rare capacities becomes marvelous in one who could have no previous knowledge of the labors of the Greeks, nor of the works of Donatello, of Mino di Fiesole, and Gambarelli.

"Employing himself with ever new delight in modeling in clay, he passed through several considerable cities of his native country, and reached Washington at a fortunate moment. Congress was then in session, composed of some of the most respectable persons in the United States. Among its members and the men of distinction collected at Washington at the same time, Mr. Powers had ample opportunity to exercise his talent in making busts. Among those whose acquaintance he made at the seat of government, were persons who had visited Europe, and possessed some notions of the fine arts. This is equivalent to saying, that he met here with those who were competent judges of the merit of his labors.

"Perceiving that he was not likely to want employment, he wisely determined to repair to Italy, for the purpose of executing his works in marble, and perfecting himself in his art. Arrived at Florence, he applied himself to the management of the marble with the same zeal which had animated him in the previous steps of his progress. When the accustomed instruments employed by sculptors seemed to him not as perfect as they might be, he contrived others. He proceeded rapidly in executing the busts which he had brought with him, in a style which commanded the admiration of the connoisseurs who beheld them.

"The reputation of the portraits of Apelles is well known. They were considered so like their originals, in all respects, that the physiognomists of that day were able to form their prognostics upon them as accurately as on the examination of the living individual. In like manner the busts of Mr. Powers challenge a similar scrutiny, on the part of those, who, under other names, and with other objects, employ themselves in similar judgments of character, at the present day; and who

will find great reason to maintain that his heads may be studied like the portraits of Apelles, though destitute of those indications of character which depend on changes of color.

"In fact, on a certain occasion, when I was carefully examining the busts of Mr. Powers, there was an individual present who had perhaps some tincture of this science, and who said to me with enthusiasm, 'Do you see that head? What penetration! How expressive those features! That must be a new Demosthenes! This has the undoubted likeness of an incorruptible guardian of the laws. That face, full of calm, though mixed with energy, has the qualities of a dictator,' &c. As I was occupied solely with the art, I listened with little attention to these remarks, and took but little interest in them, as I was unacquainted even with the names of the individuals whose busts I was contemplating. If the conjectures of character made by this person in my hearing, and by others who have examined in the like manner the heads of Mr. Powers, approach the truth, the fact would furnish a new illustration of Pliny's remark, that it is the admirable prerogative of the art of sculpture, that it gives greater celebrity to famous men.

"There are few examples of works like these at the present day, because many artists have thought it best to execute busts in the heroic style, (as did many of the ancients) without seeking extreme individual likeness. Though rare, however, there are some distinguished modern instances. And in this connection, I cannot pass in silence the magnificent, and I may say colossal likeness of Pope Rezzonico, in St. Peter's, by Canova. With the permission of the detractors of that celebrated artist, it cannot be denied that he has surpassed himself in this venerable image, where devotion is identified with the character of the head on whose vast superficies the artist had ample room to express the most fugitive movements of the skin, preserving, however, the *grandiose* character of the whole, in a manner that makes it rather seem the work of the pencil of Titian, than that of a sculptor's chisel.

"I will endeavor, in conclusion, to anticipate the timid judgment of those sophistical critics, who, admitting—what many connoisseurs have cordially granted—the superiority of Mr. Powers as a skillful maker of busts, may yet be slow to allow him the name of a perfect sculptor, in consequence of his not having produced works in the more important branches of the art. To such objectors I would reply, that they must consider that his progress has been so rapid and impetuous, in the field in which he commenced, as to have left him no leisure as yet for other labors. Meantime, he no longer inhabits a distant region, where the arts are in their infancy; nor does he any longer want the aid of examples of excellence, and the necessary information. He who has been able to make such progress without a master, will easily achieve whatever is yet wanting, now that he is placed in a situation more favorable to his progress. It may be also added that he has already commenced the model of a nude statue, which we may well flatter ourselves will be carried on to its perfection, equally with any work which Mr. Powers may undertake.

"Wherever there is the gift of a happy genius, joined with assiduity and a passion for the chosen art, together with the modesty necessary for a constant search after improvement, there it is safe to predict a complete and easy success."

CONSISTENCY.

ECONOMY is said to be one of the homely virtues, a domestic trait of great value; and some writers, especially those who follow Abraham Tucker and Dr. Paley, have discovered, as they think, a kind of economy, or saving principle, not only in the works of creation, but also in the providence of God. The greatest results are brought about by the smallest amount of means. This characteristic, when applied to nature, has been termed the *lex parsimoniæ*, and is everywhere visible. It is not, however, gentle reader, from the boundless fields of the universe, that I now wish to illustrate this principle. It has, as I have intimated, an application to men—to individuals—nay, to women also, as thou shalt see.

Not a hundred years ago, while pastor of a certain Church, I called on an *elect* lady—a lady seeking "a deeper work of grace"—to advise her to take a well-known periodical, devoted especially to that subject. The price of it was a dollar. She expressed a great desire to be a reader of the work, but plead the *lex parsimoniæ* so eloquently, that I gave her up, but mentioned, on leaving, that I was in haste, as I had to ride, with my little family, about twelve miles into the country that morning.

"I wish I could go," ejaculated the lady.

"Indeed, and why not?" I responded.

"Nothing would be more delightful; but my husband is at the store, and I have no one to send," she replied.

"I will go, aunt," said a bright little girl, jumping from a sofa in great glee.

"Well, Kitty, be quick. Tell him I would prefer a four-wheeled carriage, but he can do as he likes." By this time Kitty was on the wing.

In one short hour we were on our way, whirling along the banks of a majestic river, to a small town above the city; and at about ten o'clock we found ourselves in safety at the door of the principal hotel; for, going on *business*, I could not conscientiously give trouble to a friend.

The rest of the story is soon told. In spite of all remonstrances, and without any necessity, the horses must be put in the stalls, and dinner must be ordered. The saving, prudent lady was even more peremptory than her generous lord. Nothing else would do. The dinner, of course, was eaten, and it was worthy of those who had called for it. On looking after the bill of expenses, mine I found a zero, it having been made so before we sat down to meat. The reader knows how it happened; but he will not know, unless I tell him, that the price of that pleasure ride of a few hours would have supplied that economical lady with her "much desired" periodical for five successive years. Is not consistency a jewel? It is impossible to tell how many such ladies there may be in this wide land; but it is to be hoped that some of them may learn, even from this incident, that money well spent is saved, but that which buys us momentary pleasure only vanisheth away. A good book feeds the soul, and will last for years; a ride, a concert, a song, wastes in the using of it, and is seen no more.

HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

"THERE is no part of history," says Dr. Johnson, "so generally useful, as that which relates the progress of the human mind, the gradual development of reason, and the successive advances of science."

NOTICES.

SKETCHES OF SERMONS on the Parables and Miracles. By Jabez Burns, D. D. Boston: Charles H. Pierce. 1848.

PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT: an Essay on the Composition and Delivery of a Sermon. By Rev. James Rawson, A. M. Boston: Charles H. Pierce. 1848.

These two works, though taken together in this notice, are very different in character. The first is a book of skeletons, wherein a lazy preacher can find many good plans made to hand. The other is a book of criticism; which, well mastered, will enable a self-depending man to write as many skeletons, or even sermons, as he may want. The first is a duodecimo of three hundred pages; the second, though a small octodecimo of about eighty pages, is worth, in our opinion, a bushel of the first. In fact, we may just as well say all we feel on the subject, and then dismiss it. We utterly abhor these skeleton books, and regard them as a curse—a curse to the ministry, to the membership, to the world. It is expected of every clergyman, that he prepare his own sermons; and he that steals his skeletons, knowing this expectation, and yet concealing his pilfering, to all intents and purposes, is a thief. He takes what belongs to another man, and, deceitfully and with forethought, or *malice prepense*, hiding the authorship, offers it as his own. No man, of a quick conscience, ever did it, without feeling mean, guilty, self-condemned. We would, therefore, advise our young readers in the ministry not to buy the book first named, nor read it, nor open it, nor look toward it, as though it were a desirable thing. Go, rather, and study your Bible. Read that book in the languages in which it was composed. Discipline your mind to thinking for yourself, by laying down the rules of interpretation, of sermonizing, and of a good delivery. Then take your Greek Testament, find your text, be sure you understand it, let it naturally divide itself into convenient heads, then read, and think, and pray over your subject, till your intellect is full of it, and your heart gets inspired by power and impulse from above. A sermon thus made, and thus preached, will tell; while a borrowed one will fall lifeless, and be the source of condemnation to your soul. In conclusion, we would be glad to say, if we knew it to be so, that this book of skeletons is well written. But the truth is, we do not know, and never mean to know. Having never read a printed skeleton of a sermon, we shall not begin, at this time of life, to break a rule which we conscientiously laid down many years ago. The work by Mr. Rawson we have read. It is a good and useful book. It is worth ten times the money asked for it by the publisher; and we can heartily advise our young ministerial brethren to buy and study it.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF ELBERT OSBORN, illustrating the Providence and Grace of God. Written by himself. New York: Lane & Tippet. 1847.—This book has convinced us, that a work, on a larger scale, embracing "passages" in the lives of many—very many—of our veteran "itinerants," from their conversion onward, would fill a place in our religious literature not now occupied. Such a work, we think, is the next thing for some of our talented and enterprising writers to accomplish. Then we want a work, in which the early struggles of our leading men, in the ministry and in our colleges, while obtaining their

education, shall be narrated in a style at once graphic and entertaining, and in terms encouraging to the young. The greater part of these men have risen from obscurity, in spite of poverty, opposition, and every conceivable obstacle, and now wield a vast and good influence over the public mind. Let the young be told *how* such things are done—*how* resolution, coupled with perseverance, will always overcome—*how* the work of self-education and self-elevation is achieved. No words can tell what good such a book might do. The little volume now before us is an interesting specimen, so far as one individual is concerned, of the former class of books. We have read it with much interest, and can therefore recommend it to our readers.

LETTERS ON GEOLOGY, giving an outline of the Geology of the West and Southwest. By David Christy. Oxford. 1848.—Mr. Christy has had good opportunities of surveying the west and south, and seems to be very fond of the science of geology, as he writes these Letters with an evident relish. They give a very plain and full account of the geological formations of the GREAT VALLEY, and furnish quite an addition to the original literature of the subject. The work, accompanied by a large map, is sold at seventy-five cents, and will be circulated hereafter by agents.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MIRROR, Edited by S. Luckey, D. D., and S. Seager, A. M., and published at Rochester, New York, for seventy-five cents per year.—We have just received the back numbers of this work for the present year, and have examined and read them with some care. We rejoice to see such works in circulation, especially when as well conducted as is this; and most cordially do we give the Mirror our editorial blessing, hoping for it great usefulness and great success.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT, original and selected. Monthly. Edited by Rev. Jonathan D. Bridge. Worcester. 1848.—This work, under its new editor, continues to rise in popular favor, so far as we can learn, though we have no means of knowing the length of its subscription list. It is worthy of extensive patronage. The writers for it are the best we have in the country, of all denominations of evangelical Christians, and the editor seems to wield a pen unsurpassed by the ablest of his contributors. His short articles are particularly popular. Long life to the Pulpit under its present management!

REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES AND PRINCIPAL OF THE INDIANA ASYLUM FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB. Indianapolis: J. D. Defrees. 1847.—This pamphlet shows well for that infant institution. It has now *eighty* pupils! The entire management of it, as we have often heard, gives general satisfaction. It is an honor, as well as a blessing, to the state. Mr. James S. Brown, A. M., the principal, is said to be an accomplished man; his assistants are favorably spoken of; and the Board of Trustees includes men of the first order of philanthropy and of mind. The state of Indiana ought to foster that young institution, and succor it in every way. Were we the state—as Louis XIV said of himself, *l'état c'est moi*—we should be perfectly willing, in all respects, to do by the Asylum any thing asked for it by its able and responsible Board of Trustees.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION, Edited by M. M. Henkle and J. B. McFerrin, Nashville, we are glad to say, is improving. It is now far better than it was one year ago.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE readers of the Ladies' Repository, both ladies and gentlemen, have no doubt looked with interest on the great events of the day, which have bearings on our world's history for many centuries to come.

There is, for example, the recent French Revolution, a work of only three days, which, though not begun for that purpose, has changed the entire aspect of France, and given new encouragement to the friends of liberty throughout the world.

The position and apparent purposes of the Roman bishop, Pope Pius IX, have also given some assurances of better things, especially for Europe, to many minds; although his exact designs are suspected by the more experienced in such affairs; and his later movements seem less liberal than those by which he ushered in his reign. This, however, is an old trick. It is the trick of despots, everywhere and always, by which they contrive to settle themselves in power. Such expedients are the more necessary now, when the people of all countries begin to think a little for themselves, than formerly, when all knees bowed to the priest in his robes and to the monarch on his throne.

The rights of the individual, not only in the countries named, but all over Europe, begin to be asserted by the masses, in forms and ways more or less direct. The great kings have opened their eyes, in part, to this new state of things, and dare not now dream of attempting what they did fearlessly and openly a few years ago. There are the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, related by marriage bonds, by a unity of interest, and by all manner of ties, who, with beating hearts, have been compelled to look on the revolution in France, on the free spirit breathing out in Germany, and on the whole liberal aspect of the European world, while they have not the courage to say a word.

The influence of this great republic, established by our fathers and cherished by ourselves, is destined, after all, to do a great work among the nations of the earth. England first felt our example, which, among her commons, her working people, was soon taken as a pledge of what they themselves might enjoy; their chains have been more heavy to them ever since; and, recently, within the memory of us all, the masses of England have risen up to demand redress of grievances, extension of rights, and a general reform.

France, in her great revolution, was influenced less by our example, than by the writings of certain of her own men at home; but no sooner had the excesses of that great deluge passed away, than the people began to look with a keener eye to us. We have been their model ever since; and the colonies, bought of her by our Congress, and incorporated into this republic, have satisfied them, a thousand and a thousand times, that her citizens, Frenchmen, can live better, enjoy more privileges, fulfill the great purposes of life, as they understand them, more perfectly and securely, under a republican form of government, than under the old French dynasty with European laws. The French citizens of this country, from Vincennes to New Orleans, and from all parts of our great land, have, for a quarter of a century and more, been telling their countrymen at home this fact; and France has now, at last, taken them at their word. Germany will come next under the sway of our example, and rise up in new energy and power. Who can compute the sensation, produced by the German immigrants in this country, by their immense and

ceaseless correspondence with their friends and relatives in the father-land? When told by the successful adventurers now here, that, under a free government, they can earn more money in a day, than they could in a week at home; that they are lightly taxed, and that only for the necessities of state, as they pay nothing, without their individual consent, to the support of any thing beside; that, here, they are looked upon as citizens, not as subjects, and are respected according to their moral worth, what language, reader, can tell the emotions of the priest-ridden, king-ridden, tax-ridden populace of that sturdy land! Germany, we repeat, is the next country to be free.

A word to our correspondents. We have received two long, and able, and interesting poems; but their length excludes them. One of them would fill *ten* pages of the Repository. The writers did not think, probably, that no one reads a long poem in this whirling age. While a man should be perusing either of these pieces, he could read the state of things from St. Louis to New Orleans, and from there to Boston and New York, up to twenty-five minutes, it may be, before he sits down to read. Poets must, therefore, be brief, if they wish to be heard and felt. We have many superior poetical pieces on hand, and as fine an assortment of prose articles as an editor could wish.

The likeness of Bishop Hamline, in our last number, we are glad to find, gives general satisfaction. We omitted to say any thing of it in advance, preferring to hear the opinion of others, before troubling them with our own. It is now unnecessary to praise it, as it has praised itself. It is the work of our talented townsman, Mr. Jewett, after a Daguerreotype by Faris, of this city. Our many readers were glad, we know, to see the face of their old Editor in the Repository, and would be still more pleased, we are sure, to see something occasionally from his pen. Neither he nor Dr. Thomson, however, "has done the fair shake" with us, as folks used to say, considering their unbounded popularity as writers; but we shall be able, no doubt, in the course of a few weeks, in the cool shades of our own retirement, to profit by the example of our "illustrious predecessors." We intend, however, before we are "turned out," to give our readers a peep at Dr. Thomson's face, that they may see how it looks under our "sharp reproof." It will appear, we trust, in the number for July. We can make no other promises, till "after election day," with any sort of grace.

When we came to the Repository, it had been edited by two of the ablest writers in the Church. We could lay no claims to ability. For the first four years, the work had the whole country as its field, which was not materially curtailed for one or two of the next succeeding years. We were to lose the south entire, as they were about starting a periodical of their own. By publishing simultaneously at New York, Dr. Thomson had opened a wide space in the east; and in the west great efforts had been made to extend the circulation—the first of which expedients could not be repeated, and the second, we were told, could not be so vigorously done again. Still, the Church called, and we obeyed, and our obedience has had some fruit. The first year, *six hundred and fifty*, the second about *sixteen hundred*, were added to the list, after all losses were deducted on the above accounts. We take, however, but little credit of all this to ourself, knowing that it is the favor of the public, after all, that gives such works success.



THE SMILES OF FRIENDS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

THERE'S beauty when the early dawn
First peeps above the hills,
When fair Aurora wakes and smiles
Upon the woods and rills;
But sweeter, lovelier far appears
The cordial smile, that lends
Its lustre to the beaming eyes,
And wreathes the lips of friends.

We've gazed upon the lily brow,
The tresses rich and rare,
The damask cheek and ruby lip,
That made the fair one fair;
But O, more beautiful appears
The cordial smile that lends
Its lustre to the beaming eyes,
And wreathes the lips of friends.

We love the landscape's varied charms;
And oft, when "stilly night"
In starry loveliness is seen,
We gaze with deep delight;
But there's a brighter, purer gleam,
That on our way attends,
It is the sunny, cheering smile,
That wreathes the lips of friends.



"IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE? ZECH. 3-2"



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PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE OF JOHN WESLEY FROM FIRE FEB. 9. 1709.